The Amygdaloid

H. H. S.

1923

The Amygdaloid

CLASS BOOK

OF

1923

HOUGHTON HIGH SCHOOL

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To our

Mothers and Fathers

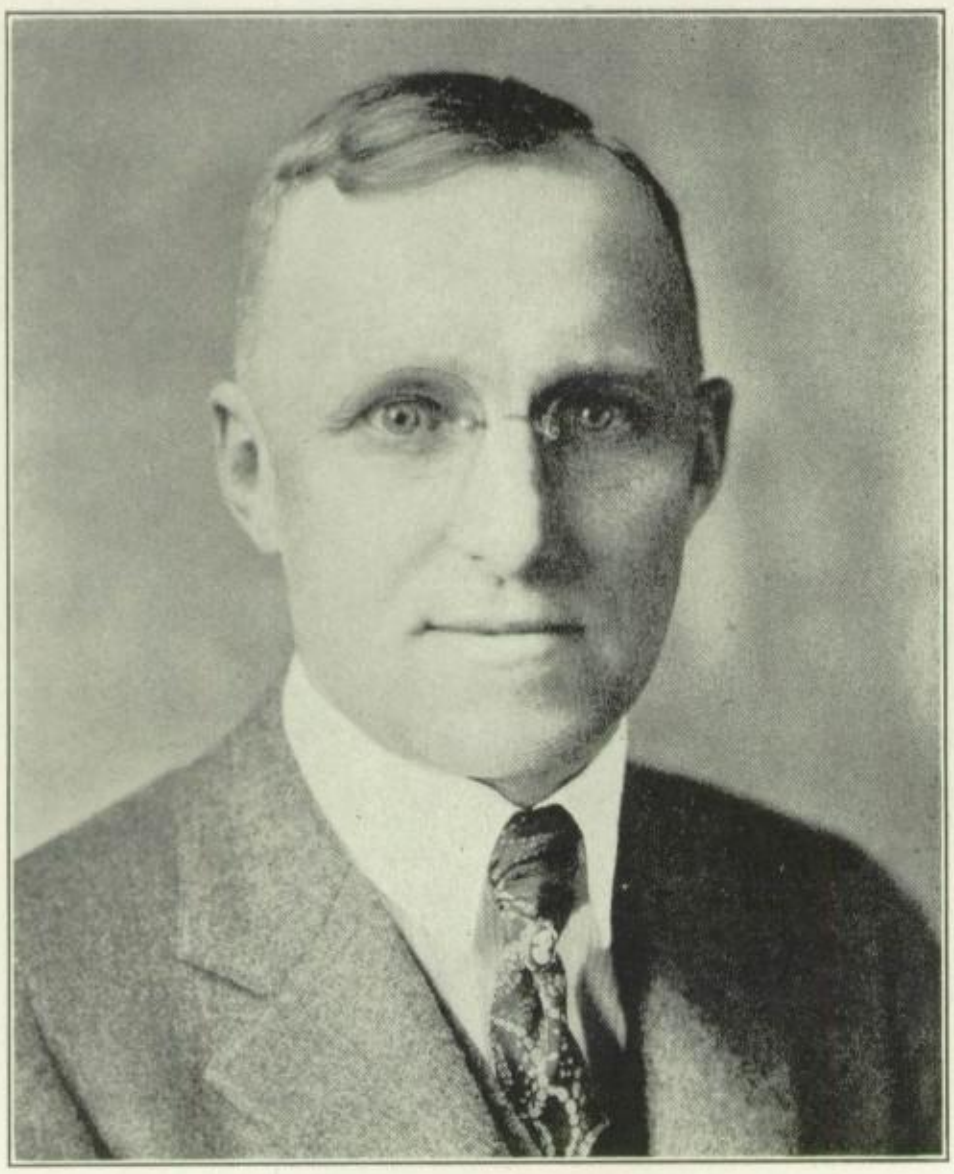
who have made possible our High School education

we, the

Class of Nineteen Twenty-three

respectfully

Dedicate this Book



JOHN E. ERICKSON
Superintendent

EDITORIAL

We have dedicated this class book to our mothers and fathers. We have tried in this small way to show our gratitude to them for everything which they have done for us.

It is through them, our parents, that we have been able to enjoy an education. Very little credit is given them, the ones who deserve the most praise of all. They have sacrificed and saved all these years that they might put us through school. It is our parents who stood over us when we were sick, it is our fathers and mothers who stood by us when we were depressed. But now, when we have finished school nothing is said of them who have made it possible.

Class of 1923

OFFICERS

Gage Cooper .....President
Alice Le Page .....Vice-President
Elmer Jacobson .....Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS COLORS
Purple and White

CLASS MOTTO
"Take the world as you find it and leave it better."

CLASS FLOWER
Sweet Pea

COMMENCEMENT ACTIVITIES

Thursday, May 31 .....Play, "Green Stockings"
Monday, June 18 .....Class Night
Tuesday, June 19 .....Commencement
Wednesday, June 20 .....Junior Reception

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Tuesday, June 19th

Invocation .....Dr. E. G. Hildner
Selection ..... High School Orchestra
Saxaphone Solo .....John Marshall, Jr.
Commencement Address .....Mr. Harry F. Atwood,
Lecturer and Autor
Music .....Double Quartette
Presentation of Diplomas .....
Benediction .....Dr. E. G. Hildner
Selection ..... High School Orchestra

MARCELLA ALLIE "Marcy" Commercial

"God is with those who persevere."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2

STELLA ARMSTRONG "Stell" Literary

"A worthy lady and one whom much I honor."

Ripley High School 1-2
Glee Club 3
Jr. French Club 3
Amygdaloid Staff 4

RUSSELL BERGH "Wallie" Industrial

"The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do."

Detroit Central High
Hi-Y
Football 4

FLORENCE BRIMACOMBE "Flo" Commercial

"Always happy, always gay;
She is laughing the live-long day."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Basketball 1-2-3
President of Glee Club 4

AMANDA BRUNET "Anna" Literary

"Of every noble work the silent part is best."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Glee Club 2-3
Junior French Club 2-3

DANIEL BROWN "Farmer" Commercial

"His only fault is that he has none."

HARRY CALVERLEY "Dago" Literary

"He has a buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment."

President Sophomore Class
President Senior Hi-Y 2-3
President Senior French Club 3
Basketball 2-3-4
Baseball 3-4
Senior Play

RICHARD CARNE "Dick" Literary

"For by his face straight shall you know his heart."

Cheer Leader 2
Hall of Fame 3
Class Basketball 3-4
Business Manager Amygdaloid 4
Senior Play

GAGE COOPER "Coop" Literary

"I would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonor home."

Class Historian
Football 3-4
Basketball 3-4
Class President 4
President Student Council 4
Senior Play

HELEN FOVARGUE "Dottie" Literary

"When she smiles, gloom vanishes."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Vice President Sr. French Club 3

MELIDA GARDNER Literary

"What I will, I will, and there's an end."

Calumet High 1-2-3
Senior Play

EVELYN GEISMAR "Ev" Literary

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out of the blue of the sky."

Indoor Meet 2
Glee Club 2
May Festival 2
Sr. Basketball.

LAWRENCE GILLES Literary
"Every man is the architect of his own destiny."
Second Hi-Y 2
Hall of Fame 3
Boys' Glee Club 4
Second Basketball 4
Class Orator
Asst. Manager Amygdaloid 4

EMMA GIRARD "M" Literary
"A lively girl who sees the joy in life."
Indoor Meet 2
H. S. Basketball Team 1-2-3-4
Class Basketball 2-3-4
Sr. French Club 3

EDWIN GOODALE "Oxie" Literary
"I have forgot that name and that name's woe."
Second Basketball 3-4
Class Basketball 3
Football 3-4
Second Hi-Y 2
Hall of Fame 3

PAUL GOODALE "Rudolph Valentino" Literary
"Jesters do oft prove prophets."
Second Hi-Y 2
Hall of Fame 2
Sr. French Club 3
Boys' Glee Club 4

MILTON GRAMS "Mutt" Literary
"The true, strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small."
President Jr. Class
Yell Master 3-4
Sr. French Club 3
Football Manager 3
Senior Play
Editor-in-Chief Amygdaloid
Glee Club 4
Salutatorian

HENRIETTE GUNDLACH "Hen Gun" Latin
"Amazing brightness, purity and truth."
Sec.-Treas. Jr. Class 3
Sr. French Club 3
Associate Editor Amygdaloid 4.
Class Prophet

HAROLD GUSTAFSON "Bunny" Scientific

"The power to do lies with you."

Football 4
Baseball 3
Junior French Club 3
Hi-Y 3

WAINO HAKALA "Huck" Social Science

"A reliable and industrious fellow."

Ripley High School

AUGUSTA HALLER "Gus" Literary

"A constant, loving, noble nature."

Junior French Club 3

RUTH HAMILTON "Rufus" Social Science

"Everybody's friend—Nobody's enemy."

Calumet High School 2
Literary Editor Amygdaloid Staff 4

JOHN HARRINGTON "Mickey" Social Science

"Lest he is liked that is alike to all."

Football 1-2-3-4
Basketball 2-3-4
Baseball 4

LEONA HARTZ "Sis" Literary

"Happy and surrounded with friends. What more could you wish?"

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Class Basketball 3
Junior French Club 3

MARGARET HEALY "Peg" Literary

"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed
and ease of heart her very look convey'd."

EDWARD HILDNER "Ted" Literary

"In arguing too, he owned his skill.
For vanquished he would argue still."

Football 2-3-4
Hockey 4
Class Basketball 4
Baseball 2-3
Hall of Fame 3
Glee Club 4
Athletic Editor
Senior Play 4

ELMER JACOBSON "Pouvah" Literary

"As griefless as a rich man's funeral."

Baseball 2-3-4
Football 4
Junior French Club 3
Sec.-Treas. 4

LILA KELLOW "Tiny" Commercial

"Like a beautiful landscape where all is harmony,
calm and quiet."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Glee Club 1-2-3-4
H. S. Treasurer 4
Shorthand and Typewriting Contest 3-4

MURIEL KELLOW Literary

"I'll be merry, I'll be free, I'll be sad for nobody."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Class Basketball 2-3
Junior French Club 3

RUTH KENDALL "Ruthie" Commercial

"Blessed be they who say nothing, for they shall
not be quoted."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Class Memorial
Shorthand and Typewriting Contest 4

EILEEN KENNEDY "Babe" Literary
"Smile and the world smiles with you."
Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Junior French Club 3

MATT KESTI "Mattie" Commercial
"He attends strictly to his own business."

LYDIA KOTILAINEN "Lyd" Latin
"I'm never at anchor, I never shall be."
Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Senior French Club 3
Valedictorian

HENRIETTA KRELLWITZ "Pud" Literary
"I have a heart room for every joy."
Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2

ALICE LEPAGE "Allie" Literary
"Joyous and eager she's in for everything."
Indoor Meet 2
Girls' Basketball 2-3-4
Junior French Club 3
Senior Vice President
Senior Play

KENNETH LEWIS "Sparrow" Social Science
"To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds."
Hi-Y 3
Basketball 3-4

LILY McCANCE "Lil" Commercial

"To homely joys and loves and friendships,
Thy genial nature fondly clung."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Class Song

GERALDINE MacDONALD *"Jerry"* Literary

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale,
Her infinite variety."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Glee Club 3
Senior Play

HELEN MacFARLANE "Mac" Literary

"I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Basketball 3
Junior French Club 3

LORETTA MacRANDLE "Lorette" Literary

"To live all my life when I do live."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2

JOHN MARSHALL "Marsh" Literary

"He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than mortal seeming."

President Junior French Club
Orchestra 4
Basketball 3-4

PRISCILLA MIRON "Pris" Literary

"Patience often maketh the sunshine come."

May Festival 3
Indoor Meet 3
Junior French Club

JOHN MOORE "Johnny" Latin

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Declamations 1-2
Hall of Fame 2-3
High School Reporter 3
Senior French Club 3
Orchestra 4
Boys' Glee Club 4
Class Basketball 4

JOHN NELSON "Min" Social Science

"There's nothing ill that can dwell in such a temple."

Ripley High School (Two years)
Glee Club 4
Art Editor Amygdaloid Staff
Senior Play

MARION NOETZEL "Mar" Literary

"Good sense which is only the gift of heaven."

Indoor Meet 2
Glee Club 2
Senior French Club 3

HARRY ODGERS "Hank" Literary

"He is as full of valour as of kindness: princely in both."

Ripley High School 1-2
Football 3-4
Junior French Club 3

ALEX PAKKALA "Porky" Scientific

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

AILEEN PELKONEN "Kike" Literary

"I shall not question or reply."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Senior French Club 3

SIGRID PELTO "Sig" Commercial

"One thing is forever good; that one thing is success."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Shorthand and Typewriting Contest 3-4
Typist Amygdaloid Staff 4

HELEN PETTIS "Honey" Commercial

"Fantastic is a woman's mood."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Glee Club 4

LILLIE PIIPPO "Lil" Commercial

"And she herself oft seeks sweet solitude."

Class Will
Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Shorthand and Typewriting Contest 3

ELIZABETH RICHARDS "Liz" Literary

"She loves a goddess and she looks a queen."

Vice-President Freshmen Class
Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Class
Vice-President Junior Class 3
Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Social and Calendar Editor
Amygdaloid Staff 4
Senior Play

FLORENCE RICHARDS "Kewie" Literary

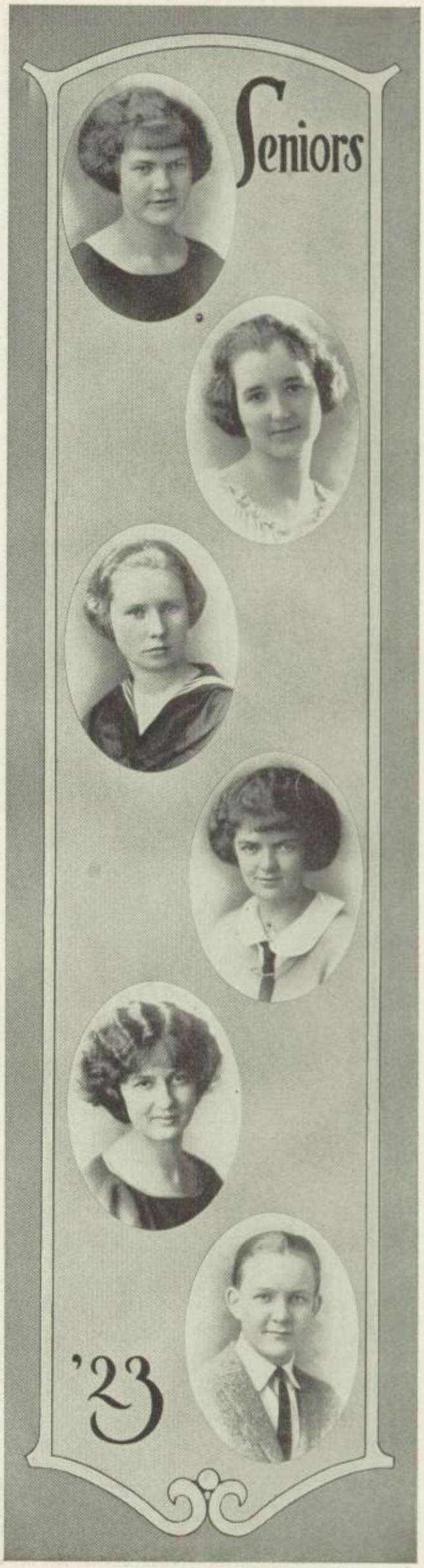
"A soul as white as Heaven."

May Festival 2
Indoor Meet 2
Glee Club 3-4
Junior French Club 3
Class Gifts 4

ROBERT RICKARD "Bob" Literary

"A good fellow among fellows."

Hall of Fame 2-3
Basketball 3-4



WILLIAM SLATTERY "Bill" Literary

"I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me."

Hall of Fame 2-3
Basketball 2-3-4
Junior French Club 3

URHO STRANG "Moony" Scientific

"A reliable and industrious fellow."

Joke Editor of Amygdaloid Staff 4

PALMER SULLIVAN "Sully" Industrial

"He is great who is what he is from Nature, And who never reminds us of others."

Football 4
Class Basketball 3-4
Boys' Glee Club 4
Senior Play

STEPHANIE SULLIVAN "Steve" Literary

"She attains what she pursues."

May Festival 2
Indoor Meet 2
Junior French Club 3

MARY THERIAULT "Sis" Literary

"Of Nature's gifts thou mayest with lilies boast and with the half blown rose."

May Festival 2
Indoor Meet 2
H. H. S. Basketball 3-4
Junior French Club 3
Student Council 4
Senior Play

THOMAS TRATHEN "Tom" Scientific

"A workman is known by his work."

Class Baseball 2
Baseball 3
Hockey 4
Boys' Glee Club 4

ETHLYN TULPPO "Eth" Literary

"It's the little things in life that count."

Calumet High School 1-2
High School Basketball 3-4
Class Basketball 3-4
Junior French Club 3

LOUISE UREN "Red" Literary

"Joys rise in me like a summer's moon."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Sec.-Treas. Senior French Club 3
Board of Control 4

JOSEPH WARRICK "Joe" Scentific

"Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man."

Football 4

EDWARD WAYRYNEN "Ed" Scientific

"These little things are great to little men."

KATHRYN WILLIAMS "Liz" Literary

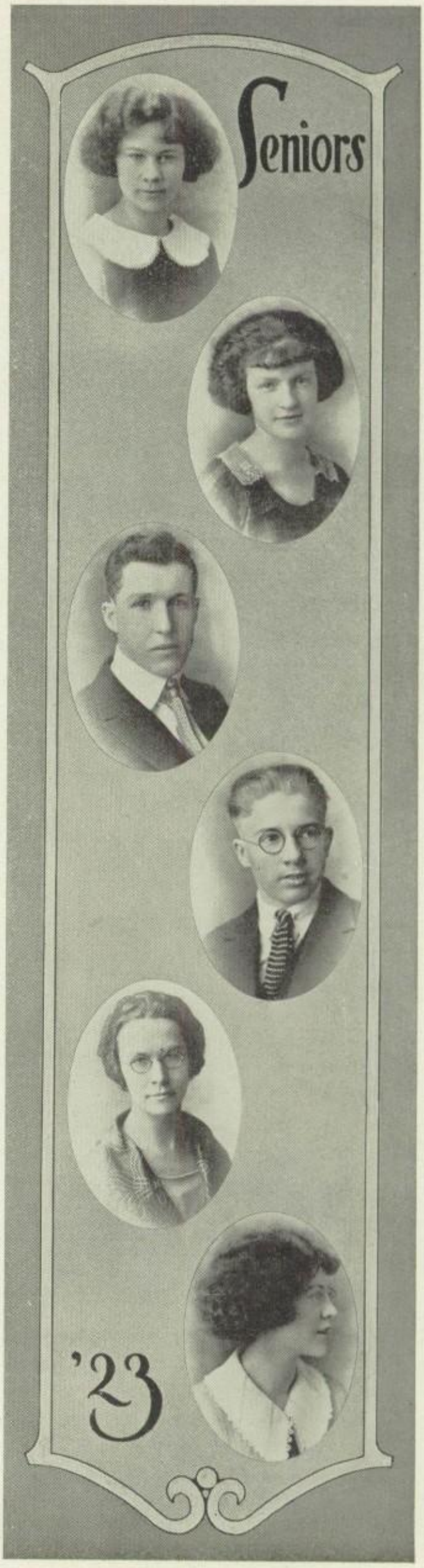
"O noble conscience, upright and refined."

Junior French Club 3
Ripley High School 1-2

LUCILLE WILLIAMS "Billy" Literary

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a
golden fleece."

Indoor Meet 2
May Festival 2
Junior French Club 3



CLASS DAY

SALUTATORY

MILTON GRAMS

For four long years we have worked acquiring knowledge, and storing up facts, of which we expect to make use some time in the future. These have been, on the whole, four years full of happiness and fun, although at times tinged with worry and disappointment.

During this period of our lives, we have been nurtured and cared for by our teachers and parents, who have tried to the best of their ability to guide and teach us so that we may profit by their experiences. They have watched over us lest we commit some rash act or carry out some foolish, whimsical thought.

Now, at last, this period of our life, the period of preparation and growth, ends with the program of this evening. Tonight is the last time that we shall be together as a class. Henceforth, we must shift for ourselves, we must think for ourselves, we must act for ourselves. It is now that we must use that knowledge, and apply those facts which we have stored up in solving the problems of life and the world. We must make good for the sake of those people who, for the past four years, have made it possible for us to obtain an education. We must give them a return on their investment, lest we be guilty of lack of appreciation.

Perhaps, to you, this night is one of the many class nights which you have attended; to our mothers and fathers, this night is one full of joy and parental pride; perhaps, to others, it recalls another class night in which they participated. But to us, the graduating class, this night is of the utmost importance, indeed a night of nights in our life, since it marks our departure, "out of school life into life's school."

Dear Parents and Friends: It has been my privilege and honor to welcome you this evening. We hope that you will enjoy our program, and will enter into the spirit of the occasion, the spirit of youth and hope.

CLASS HISTORY

GAGE R. COOPER

There entered Houghton High School in the fall of 1919 a group of students known as the class of 1923—but more commonly called the Freshmen. Mr. Willerton was principal at that time. When he addressed us on our first day of attendance, we found his words more encouraging than those of the upper classmen. With his statement in mind that we would be freshmen for only a year if we worked hard, we went to our studies.

At our first class meeting, Floyd Burr was elected to lead us through that first year when we most needed the active guidance he was most capable of giving. During the year we were represented in football and basketball by a few players, and the winner of the sub-district declamatory con-

test was a member of our class. The big social event of the school year, as far as the class of '23 was concerned, was the dance the Freshman class gave for the entertainment of all the classes in school.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year we elected Harry Calverley to the presidency. This year found up better able to enter the various branches of athletics, and more of my classmates supported the Orange and Black in the inter-scholastic contests. Our declaimer of the Freshman year again took first honors in the preliminary contest, but was less fortunate in competition with the representatives from other schools. The girls' physical training clubs were organized under the direction of Miss Stanka, and the Sophomore girls proved themselves dangerous rivals for supremacy in the inter-class competitive events.

Just before the Christmas vacation we learned that Mr. Willerton had resigned and was going to take a position in the Marquette Normal High School. Though we regretted his departure, the change was a promotion and we did not wish to deny him that. Mr. Hoxie succeeded him.

The cast of the Senior play of that year was so large that some of the members had to be under-classmen. Eight Sophomores volunteered and their services were accepted.

When we returned after the summer vacation, we were welcomed by Mr. Thorpe, as principal, and by several new teachers.

There was no gymnasium in the high school, and at the time that Mr. Thorpe arrived no arrangements had been made for renting a hall outside the school building. Mr. Thorpe started working almost immediately to make the necessary arrangements. After some time and a considerable expenditure of labor, a lease was secured on the Citizens' Bank hall. The first games played in the new gymnasium were those which determined that the Juniors were the inter-class champions.

The real tragedy of our high career came on the night of December seventeenth, 1921, when Houghton High School was completely destroyed by fire! While the building was standing we took it for granted, and gave it little serious thought. We all wanted a new and bigger school; but after the fire had taken its toll and left only a heap of smouldering ruins we realized that our school was the old one, and that the new building would not replace it in the memory of our high school days. Temporary quarters were arranged in the Bosch and Carkeek buildings on Sheldon street to suffice until a new school could be completed. Assemblies were held in the gymnasium. Almost all of the difficulties of such an arrangement were overcome and school went on much as if all the classes were in the same building.

Spring came at last, and with it preparations for the Junior reception to the Seniors. Committees were appointed by the president, Milton Grams. The committee on finance decided that larger funds would be necessary than could be raised from the class dues alone. Accordingly, a dance was given at the gymnasium, the proceeds of which were used to help defray the expenses of the reception given at the Amphidrome on June ninth.

While the Senior year is recent enough so that most of the facts connected with it will not need to be recalled, a few of them might be emphasized. A majority of the letter men in football and all but one on the basketball team were Seniors. We had three representatives on the girls' basketball team. For the first time in several years our year book, the "Amygdaloid," has been successful financially. It had been difficult to meet the expenses of such a book and there was danger of its publication being discontinued. But now we have practically assured for the future classes of Houghton High School the pleasure of having an Annual.

Regarding the personnel of the class now graduating: forty of us entered Houghton High School in September, 1919. Ten of those entering in February, 1920, have completed their high school course. Three have joined us from the class of 1922. Seven have come from Ripley High School, three have come from Calumet, and one from the Central High School of Detroit. Two entered high school in September, 1920, completing a four-year course in three years. This makes a total of sixty-six students,—the largest class in the history of our school.

CLASS PROPHECY

HENRIETTE GUNDLACH

Ten years have passed—ten years since I have been in Houghton and since I was graduated from Houghton High School with the Class of 1923. Yesterday I wondered where each one of the class had gone, and now I know. This is the way I found out. I picked up the Gazette, and to my surprise found that Lucille Williams, "The Little Redhead," was playing at the Kerredge. I was determined to see her. After the matinee, where I recognized Elmer Jacobson as the comedian in the vaudeville, and Palmer Sullivan, in the minstrel show, I rushed to the dressing-room, where I greeted Lucille and began to inquire about her travels.

"Have you run across many of our classmates during your travels, Lucille?" I inquired.

"Have I?" said Lucille. "I believe I have seen them all."

After a moment's thought she began thus:

"Exactly ten years ago today we graduated from Houghton High, and at that time each one of us pursued different courses, scattering throughout the world. I know you are eager to hear about all of them, so I will tell all I know.

"No doubt you recognized Elmer Jacobson this afternoon. He has been with this company from the start, drawing a salary of two hundred dollars a week."

"And when did Palmer join the company?" I asked.

"Oh, we ran across Palmer down in Alabama a year or two ago; and as he was not working, we took him into the minstrel show," Lucille went on.

"I have been at the Kerredge playing for almost a week and during my spare time I have been able to look up some of the boys and girls.

"Alice LePage and Helen MacFarlane, you know, are running a tea-room in the fashionable district of Dodgeville.

"Alex Pakkala is running a bus line between Hurontown and Houghton. He told me that he studied in Germany to become a doctor, but this did not satisfy him, so he returned to Houghton.

"When I was riding this morning, I passed through Laminga, and noticed a big sign, 'Calverley Hotel.' I went in and found that the proprietor is no other than Harry, and that Helen Fovargue is the head waitress."

"Oh, yes," I interrupted, "Yesterday, when I was riding on the train through Atlantic, I noticed a pretty young lady hanging up clothes lines in the back yard. By the time the train had stopped, I recognized her as Loretta MacRandle, and I thought 'There's Loretta giving out her line again.' I called to her and she said that she has been married for several years and has lived at Atlantic all the time.

"Loretta also told me, in the few minutes that I had, that Henrietta Krellwitz is taking an Advanced Course in Flirting

from Stella Armstrong, who has several classes at South Range. Stella is intending to enlarge her offices because of the increase in business. 'Puddy' stays at Loretta's most of the time. Even all these years couldn't part them."

"I'm so glad to hear about these girls," said Lucille. "I had hoped that I would see or hear from them before leaving again.

"Well, to go on. The Sullivan Brick Manufacturing Co. has for its manager a man who married the former owner, Stephanie Sullivan. Of course you know who he is.

" 'Odger's Laundry' I read on a Ripley building just yesterday. I suppose it is Hank's. We knew he wanted a Landry ten years ago.

"Lillie Piippo and Lily McCance desired to continue as business women, so they established an Employment Agency in Chassell. Business there increased so that it necessitated something like that.

"Thomas Trathen completed a successful hockey season with the Portage Lake team a few months ago. Through his never-failing efforts this team has won every game. Tom is planning a trip to Norway, where he intends to keep in practice.

"Evelyn Geismar has quite a problem before her. Two very fine-looking men have proposed to her and she is trying to decide which to accept. Ev says that she may refuse both and take a position with the Gazette, similar to that of Doris Blake in the Tribune.

"Augusta Haller decided that she wanted always to remain at home. But this lasted only a few days. A week after graduation she was married. Within a year she was divorced and married again. Now I hear that she is living very happily in Ripley.

"William Slattery, perhaps you know, is a street car conductor at present, and has been working for the Houghton County Traction Company a year. Previously he was a policeman in New York."

"Did you know, Lucille, that Gage Cooper is senator from Michigan?"

"Yes; not so very long ago I was in Washington and met Gage. He told me that his friends want him to run for president next term. He also thought that I would be interested to know that Lila Kellow is his private secretary and deserves much praise for her excellent work.

"Marion Noetzel is located there, too, and has been very active in club work. When I was there, she was president of the Civic Club."

"While I was in Chicago," continued Lucille, "playing at the Blackstone Theatre, I happened to look into one of the boxes, and imagine my surprise when I saw Harold Gustafson with a party of girls, and assisting him to entertain them was Waino Hakala!

"Two pictures in the Chicago Tribune caused me to want to read the paper first. One was Emma Girard, who won laurels as the best all-round woman athlete in the world. The other was Edwin Goodale, a strapping, well-built man, who has become a prize-fighter. In the article it mentioned Robert, alias 'Tex', Richard, who is promoting a bout between Ed and Edward Wayrynen, who, they say, has grown to be almost five feet tall! I am watching the papers for news of the outcome.

"Eileen Kennedy, after completing her three years' course in nursing in a large Chicago hospital, has become quite famous for her rapid cures. One of her sunny smiles and her happy disposition is her remedy; in other words, a moderation of Coue's Principles.

"Sigrid Pelto and Helen Pettis have a neat little bakery in this city. Soon they will branch out and have a chain of stores through various cities.

"Melida Gardner is employed on the office force of Ford Motor Co. in Detroit. She has prospects of a promotion which

will make her assistant secretary to Henry Ford, himself.

"Kathryn Williams studied at the University of Michigan, specializing in English, but after finishing she went into the insurance business, locating at Detroit.

"Ethlyn Tulppo has been a basketball star for these many years, and she is as enthusiastic as ever.

"When we were playing in San Francisco recently, we had several opportunities to visit Hollywood. One of the largest studios bears the sign, "Paul Goodale, Incorporated." Imagine my surprise when I learned that Paul is taking the parts formerly played by Rudolph Valentino. Judging from the number of his employees, he is doing very well. Daniel Brown is Paul's secretary and chief counsel. Dan has had much experience of this kind, so he is able to help Paul's business along a great deal.

"While I was still in the realms of 'Movieland' and not far from the Goodale Studio, I saw Mary Theriault, the beautiful 'Sis' of our high school days, riding along in her Rolls-Royce. She has retired to private life, having inherited no small fortune.

"In Oregon, we ran into Kenneth Lewis, who is now manager of the Lewis Lumber Co., with several branches throughout the United States.

"Florence Brimacombe is living a lonely life on a ranch in Montana. Living alone and away from people, she seems in danger of having some one Steehler her, but she is well armed.

"Richard Carne is a salesman for a large concern selling 'Ideas for a Good Time.' This is only a small part of Dick's occupation, because his most important work is finding a girl in each town that he visits.

"Papers and magazines have scarcely room to print anything but Urho Strang's complete proofs of Einstein's Theory, which has ended all further investigations on this matter.

"Returning to Canada after graduation, but remaining only a few months, Ruth Hamilton decided to remain permanently in the states to devote her entire time and wealth to social work. Ruth has made friends wherever she has gone with her loving, winning personality.

"I know you haven't forgotten how musical our class was, Henriette. Several have continued along musical lines. For instance, Lawrence Gilles and Edward Hildner are playing leading parts with the New York Grand Opera Co., and are at present touring Japan. Of course, we expected no less than this from them, after hearing them with the sextette in '23.

"Also, since John Moore finished college he has written two books, 'How to Play the Saxaphone' and 'How to Bluff, from Experiences at High School.' Oh, by the way, John is touring Australia, giving saxaphone concerts.

"Louise Uren has declared that she is a man-hater and has settled down to write novels from her own experiences here and abroad, her favorite title being 'Storms.'

"Traveling with her husband in Panama, Ruth Kendall spends her spare time making speeches in the public schools.

"During my vacations I have gone to Europe several times. On one of my trips a few years ago I learned that John Harrington is poet-laureate of Ireland. I was quite surprised at this, even though John did possess talent of this kind.

"In Spain, Marcella Allie is giving enthusiastic speeches for Woman Suffrage. This is surely Marcella's life work.

"Also in the same country, in a secluded convent, Florence Richards, after breaking many hearts, has become a nun. Here she's finding peace and contentment.

"Muriel Kellow and Leona Hartz came upon a fortune, which enabled them to live ten whole years in leisure. Now that the money is gone, 'Sis' has decided to become a model for John Nelson, who has a studio in Rome. Muriel is trying to decide

whether she should join 'Sis' or take a course in Interior Decorating.

"Matt Kesti made a daring flight from Alaska to South Africa. I often wondered who would be the aviator from our class.

"Geraldine MacDonald, you know, took up ballet dancing. After she became tired of dancing in this country, she took a trip to Egypt, where she is now dancing for her King. We hardly expect her back, for she is quite satisfied there.

"When I was still in Europe, Prof. Milton Grams' book, 'How to Assume Knowledge,' was being published in Italy. At last Mutt has revealed the secrets which we all could have gladly used at school.

"On picking up the London Times I read 'John Marshall Has Perfected Radio in Turkey.' From the article I learned that John went to Turkey to be far away from the girls, for whom he always thought that he had a fatal charm, and he is now making a serious study of radio and related subjects.

"In Paris, Amanda Brunet was on a purchasing trip for the Warrick Department Store. No doubt you have heard that Joseph Warrick established quite a trade at Boston, Michigan, and Amanda is in charge of the Purchasing Department.

"Elizabeth Richards has invented a new kind of hair net which is guaranteed for a year. I am sure she will meet with success with this.

"A few weeks ago I had the opportunity to go through the University of Berlin, and I was surprised to find that Russell Bergh is a professor of zoology, and at that time he was experimenting with a butterfly.

"At this same university Lydia Kotila is at the head of the Latin Department. This did not surprise me, because I expected that Lydia would advance along educational lines after her fine record in high school.

"Priscilla Miron is quietly leading the younger generation along the paths of knowledge. She is teaching the primary grades in a country school.

"Margaret Healy, active in society, has planned a trip for a dozen or more young people to Yellowstone Park and Grand Canyon.

"Aileen Pelkonen is owner of a large printing house and is now busy getting invitations ready for the 10th Anniversary of the Class of '23.

"Oh, there's the bell!" exclaimed Lucille. "I must be ready for a rehearsal in five minutes. How I have enjoyed talking about our class!"

Classmates, this is all a dream. This is what I heard and saw in my dream; so fashion your futures according to your abilities.

THE CRIME WAVE

L. J. GILLES

If we assume the protection of life and property to be the first function of government, then government is failing in the United States today.

Crime in our cities is no longer an occupation of the individual, but it is a highly organized industry like a great chain store system, and in its organization legal talent plays an important part. The nine thousand murders committed in our country last year conclusively prove that killing is a trade. In New York City alone during the first three and one half months of 1922 we have record of one hundred murders and one hundred and twenty-six holdups. And New York is not an exception. The reports from San Francisco, Chicago, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Kansas City and other large centers put them on a par with New York. If a man living in a city walks

three blocks from the car line to his home he has not an even chance of arriving there safely. Murder, hold-up, bank robbery and auto-stealing are the usual topics on the front page of our morning paper; the sheet would be exceptionally placid without them.

Not hearing anything definite to the contrary, we begin to be convinced that there is a crime wave. Having this idea fixed in mind, we come to the realization that something must be done. Very reasonable, to be sure, but exactly what?

To answer this question we look into the causes of the crime.

First of all there is the laxity with which justice is administered in the average United States court, then the abuses of the bail privilege and paroles.

Second is the disregard for life which seems to be blamed on the war. If this feeling exists, there is nothing better than the shadow of a rope to sober the criminal into realizing that life shall not be taken deliberately.

Then there is the increased chance of a "getaway" which is provided by the automobile. Why is it that the criminal is taking advantage of the fruits of progress while the law lags behind? Justice may be blindfolded, but she should realize that she can't fight a revolver with a pair of scales.

Also we have excellent chances of getting free if caught, by means of either a lawyer or a bonding company. There is a certain class of lawyers which caters to the criminal and which finds it worth its while to get a man free regardless of his guilt or innocence. There are also bonding companies whose representatives are looked on as friends by the criminal world and who, being notified beforehand of coming crimes, are on deck to bail out any of the crooks who are so unfortunate as to be caught. One man in New York, who had been bailed three times, when caught red-handed in a hold-up trick, said that he needed the money to pay his bail bonds and lawyers.

Finally we have loose laws regarding firearms. Revolvers should be given only to authorized persons. The armed robber is a murderer at heart. He will shoot if necessary, and in many cases he pulls the trigger before his victim shows any sign of resistance.

The penalties provided by law are severe enough if they were only enforced.

The United States should make punishment quick and certain. The sooner the criminal world realizes that we are through compromising with crime, the sooner will the evil cease. The delay which some of our courts allow in the handling of criminal cases increases the chances of acquittal for the accused. The judge can, and often does, speed up a case by keeping the arguments as much as possible on the essentials and eliminating much irrelevant material. Arrangement of the court calendar so as to do away with long lapses of time between arrest and trial will accomplish the same purpose.

A wonderful example of speed in the handling of crime is shown by the case of George Gares, of New Jersey, who murdered a five-year-old girl on December 22, 1921. He was arrested two days later, and was brought to trial in the supreme court of New Brunswick on January 4, found guilty January 5, and sentenced to die in the week ending February 6. This gives a striking contrast to the methods of practically any other state in the union.

In a report on the New York reformatories, it was seen that out 22,000 cases only four were college graduates and out of 1,000 only 7 per cent finished high school and 25 per cent completed the grammar school, while 64 per cent went only to the primary grades. Here is evidence that even a moderate amount of schooling is a positive and active deterrent to crime.

According to statistics, the criminal is not born, he is made. The early environment is in almost every case the cause of a young

man's going wrong. And what are we going to do about it? I cannot say. But what we should do is to take hold of the two great deterrents to crime, environment and schooling, and use them to good purpose.

By bettering the living conditions of our less fortunate countrymen in the slum districts and keeping the older criminals where they belong, behind the bars, so they cannot exert their influence on the growing minds, we will take care of environment.

As to the second, we should have strict observance of the laws regarding school attendance. The age limit must be kept as high as possible, and permission to stop school to go to work should not be given unless the case has been thoroughly investigated. Then if a child must work, he should be forced by law to attend a part-time or night school.

The crime wave must stop. Statistics show that better early environment and more schooling will improve conditions. Let us seize these weapons and use them. Let us give every man, woman or child in the country a clean, healthy place to live and develop physically. Let us give him an education that will fit him to be a useful, efficient, and law-abiding member of society. Let us make opportunities for higher education as numerous and as good as possible. But if one or an other shall fall by the wayside, then a prompt punishment must be meted out not only for the sake of his future conduct and the conduct of others, but also for the safety and welfare of humanity.

CLASS GIFTS

FLORENCE RICHARDS

They had chosen me "giftorian,"
And I knew not what to do;
So I puzzled o'er the problem
Keeping just one thing in view.

Let each one accept their gift
With the thought that lies behind it;
And if you think the lines don't fit,
Smile anyhow, and don't mind it.

I am pretty well acquainted
With all your personal inclinations;
To draw them out, enlarge on them,
Was a liberal education.

My endless task at the ten-cent store
Was really quite a pleasure;
I've taken pains to gather
A token you might treasure.

Marcella Allie
We have these cards for Marcella
On which to take down notes;
She can use them on the platform
When she works for "Women's Votes."

Stella Armstrong
Stella Armstrong is well liked
By all, in any season;
The secret of her charm is just
Like Postum—"there's a reason."

Russell Bergh
Russell, if you've a task on hand
And are not keen to do it,
Think of the modest postage stamp,
Success means sticking to it.

Florence Brimacombe
This cap-shaped net for Florence
I selected with great care;
Without a hat she need not have
A thought about her hair.

Daniel Brown
This pair of rubber heels for Dan
Will not make any noise
At three o'clock in the morning,
After a night with the boys.

Amanda Brunet
A variety of hair pins
Are in this little box;

Amanda will find them handy
To pin back her lovely locks.

Harry Calverley
Dear friends, you will agree it is
No fun to talk alone,
So when Harry gets the School Day Blues,
He can use this telephone.

Richard Carne
A "ladies' man" is Richard Carne,
Of girls he has a score;
They are all such charming "dolls" to him
He can always love one more.

Gage Cooper
They say that Gage begins to study
As soon as it is light;
But if he takes this candle,
He may also work at night.

Helen Fovargue
Helen is such a tiny mite
She does not look real strong;
But we all hope her life will be
One grand, sweet song.

Melida Gardner
We have for dear Melida
A package of chewing gum;
She saves the wrappers, perhaps that's why
She is always chewing some.

Evelyn Geismar
If Evelyn should go away
She's miss us all, I fear;
She can use this tiny handkerchief
To wipe away her tears.

Lawrence Gilles
A druggist Lawrence aims to be,
Selling medicine and pills;
If he should your prescription take,
You'd better make your will.

Emma Girard
And here's a ball for Emma Girard;
She was good in every game;
For when the girls played basket-ball,
She helped to earn their fame.

Edwin Goodale
One you seem to easily tire,
This really is no jest,
Here's a nice soft cushion
When you want to take a rest.

Paul Goodale
Paul Goodale resembles
Rudolph Valentino;
The secret of his hair so sleek
Is in this vaselino.

Milton Grams
If a prize for being bright were given,
I'm sure that "Mutt" would take it;
He broke the record, yet here is one
We hope he'll never break it.

Henriette Gundlach
When Henriette goes to college,
She will need a suit case too;
This one will hold her books at least,
I hope that it will do.

Harold Gustafson
We call him "Bunny Gustafson,"
It's merely force of habit,
Because he does not look one bit
Like a shy, timid rabbit.

Waino Hakala
If Waino wants to make a hit
With the modern misses,
He should not be too stingy
With these good ,old-fashioned kisses.

Augusta Haller
This little purse for Augusta Haller
Is really not so funny;
When working at the ten-cent store,
This will hold all her money.

Ruth Hamilton
Whenever Ruth looks at this flag,
(Emblem of Liberty),
We hope she'll always save a thought
For the class of '23.

John Harrington
This pipe for Mickey Harrington
Is really just a joke.
For even though he 's so big,
He has not learned to smoke.

Leona Hartz
A little chain of solid gold
For Leone Hartz is sent,
Each link a pleasant memory
I'm sure is what is meant.

Margaret Healy
Margaret has been away from us,
But she left a memory
That will always be as good and sweet
As this nice box of candy.

Edward Hildner
When Ted Hildner is finished school
And on his way to fame,
We hope he'll take these checkers,
And always play the game.

Elmer Jacobson
Don't be surprised if Elmer
Should use this little pad
To write down all the news he hears,
And report it, good or bad.

Lila Kellow
When Lila teaches country school
And the pupils are at play,
At a signal from this whistle
They surely will obey.

Muriel Kellow
When Muriel travels, if she takes this tag,
She may always be sure
For every friend she leaves behind,
She will always have some "Moore."

Ruth Kendall
To those who earned it best,
Reward is sometimes slow to fall;
Here is a prize I know will cheer
The heart of Ruth Kendall.

Eileen Kennedy
Eileen, I wonder would you care,
Or would you even thank me,
If I put a shinny Bill
All for you in this Bank.

Matt Kesti
I know that Matt has not outgrown
His love for childish toys;
If he never owned an Erector set,
He missed half of life's joys.

Lydia Kotilainen
To Lydia we are glad to give
These sweet and pretty flowers;
We wish they might forever live
To gladden every hour.

Henrietta Krellwitz
A cap for Henrietta,
She wants to be a nurse;
If she should ever have your case,
Do not expect the worst.

Alice LePage
Stationery for Alice,
Because she like to write;
She won't look at the color
As long as it is White.

Kenneth Lewis
If Kenneth will look into this mirror
With his eyes closed very tight,
He will see just how it looks
To be fast asleep at night.

John Marshall
There's nothing like an easy chair
When preparing for a test;
If John Marshall accepts this one,
He can always dream and rest.

Lily McCance
If Lily McCance should ever dance
Till her slippers were full of holes,
She need not worry, for here is a pair
Of brand new leather soles.

Geraldine MacDonald
It may seem strange to give this soap
To little, light-foot Gerry,
But if you've seen her dance, you know
She's just like any fairy.

Helen MacFarlane
If Helen MacFarlane keeps this watch
Till she is in her prime,
She'll think back of her school-days,
When she got there just on time.

Loretta MacRandle
Loretta wants to keep right on
Her quest in search of knowledge;
This dictionary she can use
When she goes away to college.

Priscilla Miron
To wash your face with soap these days,
It seems is not enough;
If Priscilla wants to keep in step,
She must use this powder puff.

John Moore
George Washington was a great man,
But you'll learn sooner or later,
That we think John S. Moore will be
Just a little—grater.

Marion Noetzel
Most boys are fond of books and sports,
The girls, of course, like candy,
But, Marion, if you just keep these gloves,
You will always find them handy.

John Nelson
John Nelson, there may come a time
When you're not feeling fit;
When that time comes, take my advice,
And don't say "dye," but "Rit."

Harry Odgers
If Hank should ever take to smoking,
He will never have a grouch,
If he keeps all his tobacco
In this nice new leather pouch.

Alex Pakkala
Of all the books the store contained,
I put this to the test,
And found the friendly pocket-book
Would suit Alex the best.

Aileen Pelkonen
This hair tonic will give the hair
A beautiful, silken sheen,
"A woman's crowning glory,"
So we'll give this to Aileen.

Sigrid Pelto
From Sigrid's home, way out of town,
The distance is quite far;
If she should get real hungry.
She can eat this chocolate bar.

Helen Pettis
Helen may this pencil use
For taking down dictation,
If she should choose stenography
For her future vocation.

Lillie Piippo
On any day, in any weather,
No matter where you roam,
Your hair will look just right, Lillie,
If you use this little comb.

Elizabeth Richards
You'll think it strange, Elizabeth,
To get this empty dish,
But it's filled to overflowing
With every kind of wish.

Robert Rickard
Bob, please accept this little dog,
His name is Rex, no doubt,
He will not bark or even bite,
He's safe to have about.

William Slattery
Bill Slattery runs a car all right,
But with this little boat,
If he should take her for a ride,
It's a case of swim or float.

Urho Strang
And here's a car for Urho;
Perhaps when he's not busy,
He'll ride us around the country side
In his brand new tin Lizzie.

Palmer Sullivan
If Palmer feels real bad since he
And his girl drifted apart,
He'll find this bottle of liquid glue
Will mend his broken heart.

Stephanie Sullivan
I made this kerchief for Stephanie,
It's just a square of pongee;
She'll like it more because the goods
Were bought across from Ongies'.

Mary Theriault
Mary Theriault is quite pretty,
And I've often heard them tell
That her only great ambition
Was to be a little belle.

Thomas Trathen
To give away a knife, they say,
Will cut friendship in two;
We hope that Tom won't use this
To cut old friends for new.

Ethelyn Tulppo
This gift for Ethelyn will prove
A very trusty friend;
It seems to me that safety pins
Have uses without end.

Louise Uren
You probably made a few mistakes

In your short life, Louise,
But we hope you will not try to put
Your foot in these.

Edward Wayrynen
We'll give this mouth-organ to Ed,
And when he learns to play,
He'll give us all the latest songs
To help pass time away.

Joseph Warrick
This little gun for Joseph
Is not one bit alarming,
He only needs a khaki suit
To make a soldier charming.

Kathryn Williams
I think this box of powder
A secret will disclose,
And prove why Kathryn never has
A red or shiny nose.

Lucille Williams
Charming Lucille never lacks
The other kind of beaux;
But here is one at which I'm sure
She will turn up her nose.

CLASS MEMORIAL

RUTH KENDALL

It is usually the custom in most schools for the graduating class to leave some gift as a memorial. For several years this has been the custom in Houghton High School, but the memorials left by past classes were all lost in the fire. It is appropriate that we should leave something that will be both ornamental and useful in the new building, for, as we do not want to forget our school days, we do not want to be forgotten by our followers.

At the top of the stairs in the old high school stood a large mahogany clock, which in its day served to speed our lagging footstep toward the class room, and we, the class of 1923, wish to replace it. This clock will stand in the hall and will bear our class number.

During the past year especially we have felt the need of a good clock to keep classes moving on schedule. This clock will satisfy this need in the new building and by its loud ticking it will constantly remind all future classes of the class of '23.

CLASS WILL

LILLIE PIIPPO

We, the Class of 1923 of the Houghton High School, Village of Houghton, State of Michigan, of the United States of America, being in full possession of a sound mind, well-trained memory, and almost superhuman understanding, do hereby make, declare, and solemnly swear to this our last will and testament.

To our dear faculty who have been our instructors in all the wisdom of the ages, we give all the knowledge and information which we have furnished to them in various classes. We also leave to them a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams during their summer vacation.

To our beloved Superintendent, John E. Erickson, and the Board of Education, we give our sincere affection and many thanks for the opportunities they have granted to us during our school years.

We give and bequeath to the Junior Class the enthusiasm, class spirit, and ever-enduring friendship of the Class of 1923.

To the sophomores and freshies we give our Senior dignity. May they then uphold it forever, with all seriousness and gravity, endeavoring to realize its vast importance in spite of their natural light-mindedness.

To the Junior Commercial Class we bequeath Sigrid Pelto's and Lila Kellow's shorthand and typewriting ability.

To George James, John Nelson's executive ability. He will still feel the need of that, but will give it up to George, who will appreciate it, we are sure.

We bestow John Moore's musical talent on any anxious applicant from the Junior Class. Apply early and do not rush.

Priscilla Miron's love for quietude and obedience we bestow to Helen Kenerson.

We bequeath to the freshman girls, the good looks, charming ways, and sunny disposition of Lucille Williams and Mary Theriault.

Ruth Kendall's perfect behavior we bestow on Helen Rashleigh. We hope Helen will share it with Grace Holmes and Agnes Ingram.

To Arieus Croteau, Lawrence Gilles's oratorical ability. We know he will become an able orator as he shows some tendency toward becoming one already.

To the most dignified freshy we give and bequeath Harold Gustafson's taciturnity.

Florence Brimacombe's remarkable record for punctuality and regular attendance we willingly bequeath to Nora Erickson.

Stella Armstrong's entrancing eyes and coquettish glances we leave for Veronica Fitzpatrick. She will find them of great value.

We bequeath one-tenth of Urho Strang's knowledge to the Juniors in the school bus as a reward for soothing his oppressed brains after school dismissal.

Geraldine MacDonald's wonderful ability and grace on the dance floor we confer to Mary Millenbach. This will be of great advantage to her, provided she takes heed of it.

Lydia Kotila, valedictorian, and Milton Grams, salutatorian, reluctantly bequeath their high honors to Mansfield Foley, and Lucille Davey, as their most likely successors.

Harry Calverley's cleverness and wit for the entertainment of the class and the faculty, we generously bestow on Matthias Manderfield. He will become a joy to the class.

Henrietta Krellwitz's comb we willingly give to Lea Cote in spite of Henrietta's reluctance to part with her faithful servant.

We leave Leona Hartz's pleasant smile to those who frown when they are asked to work complicated geometry problems or translate Caesar. This should be appreciated by all.

We leave Edward Wayrynen's shortness of stature to John McGinty.

Alex Pakkala's mathematical knowledge we bestow on Theresa Colombe. We hope Theresa will profit by it and give her friends a goodly share.

John Marshall's sore thumb and his football reputation we bequeath to John Kirkish.

To Lillian Bruneau we leave the good nature and soft but pleasant voice of Louise Uren and Ethlyn Tulppo.

To Wiljo Strang we leave Palmer Sullivan's goggles. Now he need not strain his eyes in seeking the hidden points of any lesson.

Richard Carne's ability to speak with ease in front of an audience we bequeath to Hayner Marshall.

Aileen Pelkonen's intense love for Physics and the numerous electric shocks received, we considerately bestow on Huldah Rantamaki.

To the freshies with school bags we confer all our cherished treasure which we may leave behind in our haste and excitement. This includes text books, note books, history maps, test papers, pencil stubs, half-used erasers, and all such valuables.

To our principal, Mr. G. E. Thorpe, we leave our own free will, our blessings, tender memories of our pleasant association together, and our forgiveness for anything that we may not have exactly appreciated in the demonstrations of the past.

We do hereby constitute and appoint the said Principal sole executor of this our last will and testament.

Lastly, we hereby revoke and declare void all wills by us heretofore made.

In witness whereof, We, the Class of

1923, the testators, have to this, our will, set our hand and seal, this eighteenth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

(Seal)
Class of 1923.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Class of 1923, as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of them, who, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses to said instrument.

Nebucadnezzar
Julius Caesar
King Tutankhamen

CLASS SONG

LILY McCANCE

Now our high schooldays are over,
We must leave old mem'ries dear,
High schol pleasures all are ended,
And our time for work draws near.
Though we may not live in Houghton,
Though we live in lands unknown,
Classmates ne'er shall be forgotten
When we've some years older grown.
High School, where we all have labored
How we hate to part from thee;
You shall always be remembered
By the class of twenty-three.

Tho' we've come to our last meeting,
'Mid the scenes to us so dear,
And our hearts with grief are heavy,
Let us raise a song of cheer.
Let us sing no song of sadness
As we turn our memories back
To recall the days of gladness
And the orange and the black.
And now we bid you all farewell.
Our best we leave with thee,
And hope you still will prosper,
We, the Class of twenty-three.

VALEDICTORY

LYDIA KOTILAINEN

At some time in life to every individual there comes a momentous day. That day, singled out from all others, shines among our memories, the brightest of them all. That day, although hidden in the volume of the past, comes back again, when the pages are turned, into the vivid present. It is that day which causes our hearts to beat with joy and precious recollections fill our minds.

Now our momentous day has arrived. Now we, in our turn, stand on the threshold of a new life. Now we gaze into the future which has in store for us so many opportunities. We must tread the path of life which lies before us with many curves and windings. It is within our power to shape our lives; it is within our power to make them a glorious success. This is a great moment, indeed.

How happy we are to arrive at a goal toward which we have labored for years with might and determination! How great it is to see our dreams come true! How often have we longed for this day, but now the thought of parting makes this day sad as well as joyful. "To meet, to love, to part, is said in every heart." So it is with us. We have met our high school days, we have loved them, now we part.

But Time with her long stretches of years can never obscure our memories, memories of our happy schooldays. Never can we forget how we worked together, faced hardships, overcame them, and succeeded. How trivial some of those ob-

stacles seem as we look back! Those difficulties have taught us a great deal. Knowing them, we can better appreciate our success. However, the knowledge, the achievement we have attained, is small as yet. By no means are we perfect. No, our aim is to strive onward. Deep in our hearts are buried the treasures received in our school-days. There lie the teachings, like little seeds, first dormant, but some day to burst forth in abundant fruitfulness. There lie the many other aids received which will help us on our journey. Let us carry them with us forever. Let us have them for a foundation on which the structure of our lives is built. Let us live true, noble lives. Let us always remember these words: "Take the world as you find it, but leave it better."

We, the Class of 1923, wish to express our feelings of deep gratitude to all who have made our education possible. Just now, we can do no more than utter mere words of thankfulness, but as words cannot do justice to our thoughts, it remains for us to prove by deeds that our education has not been in vain. So now we pledge ourselves to do our duty gladly, willingly faithfully in the new world at whose portals we stand.

Classmates, we have been together for four years. Now we are to part. We are like small branches of a mighty tree, fed in youth by a common trunk, but as years go on, slowly towering skyward, becoming strong, sturdy boughs. Our paths lie just as far apart from each other as lie the separated limbs on a wide spreading tree. But between those branches of life's tree there is woven a web, a web of mystic bonds which joins limb to limb, twig to twig, and the meshes of that web are the memories we carry with us from our high school days.

A word there is, a word unsought,
A word which comes, though welcomed not;
Whenever parting time draws near,
When hand clasps hand with many a tear,
That word comes forth its tale to tell.
That moment's here; so now farewell.

RULES FOR DANCING

1. Stand 12 inches away from your partner. She may not love you as much as you think she does.
2. Don't lean on your partner; she's probably had no lunch either.
3. Don't look as if you were pained. Take courage—dances don't last a lifetime.
4. Place one finger on your partner's shoulder. She may not be used to dead weight.
5. Try not to get into the shape of a pretzel. Other shapes may be far more becoming.
6. Be light on her feet as well as on yours.
7. Listen to the music. Your conversation might not be quite so full of harmony.
8. Keep time. The man who wrote the music knows more about music than you do.
9. Don't try to invent some new stuff in dancing. People knew how to dance before you arrived.

Exchange—J. K., '24.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief .....Milton Grams
Associate Editor .....Henriette Gundlach
Literary Editor .....Ruth Hamilton
Athletic Editor.....Edward Hildner
Social Editor.....Elizabeth Richards
Joke Editor.....Urho Strang
Art Editor.....John Nelson
Kodak Editor.....Stella Armstrong
Business Manager.....Richard Carne
Assistant Business Manager.....
Lawrence Gilles
Typist .....Sigrid Pelto
Faculty Advisor .....Helen Jean Fisher
Faculty Advisor .....W. P. Gaynor

GRACE'S MISTAKE

When Grace went to the Sophomore game,
She made a disastrous mistake of fame.
Giving her money to Gage at the door,
And expecting of course that her friend Lenore
Was behind her, she said, "For me and for *that,*"
And on turning around she pointed at—
Mr. Thorpe!

M. C. S., '25.

THE FACULTY

G. Eugene Thorpe, B. S., M. S.	Cornell and Wooster College	Principal.
Helen Jean Fisher, B. A.	University of Michigan	English.
Katherine J. Wieber, M. A.	University of Michigan	English.
Ruth R. Duncan, B. A.	Butler College	English and Latin.
Helen G. Stone, B. A.	Wellesley College	Latin.
Eva Stockley Harmon, B. A.	Olivet College	Mathematics and Latin.
Merceda Covalt, B. A.	University of Indiana	French.
Anita M. Siewert, B. A.	University of Wisconsin	History.
Helen G. Brainerd, B. A.	Northwestern University	History.
Anton J. Cavé, B. A.	Dubuque University	Mathematics.
E. S. Chambers, B. A.	Cornell College	Mathematics.
Oliver P. Jones, B. A.	Wm. Jewell College	Science.
W. P. Gaynor	Potsdam College	Commercial.
Minnie Pagel	Ferris Institute	Commercial.
S. H. Knisely	Ferris Institute	Commercial.
Mabel Trezona	Michigan Agricultural College	Home Economics.
Henry J. Schaeffer	Stout Institute	Manual Training.
Jessie M. Cameron	Northern State Normal	Music.

"TEACHERS' SMILES"

There are days that make them happy,
There are days that make them blue,
There are days when all of them are crabby,
And they scold the whole day through.
There are days when everything is lovely
And they sing and smile through thick and thin,
But the day that turns the whole world rosy
Is the day that their check's come in.

L. H., '23.

JUNIOR NOTES

The third week in September about seventy enthusiastic Juniors met to organize for the year. Mary Messner presided as temporary chairman and the following officers were elected:

Alice Uren .....President
Irene Nappe .....Vice-President
Lionel Miron .....Secretary-Treasurer

A committee was appointed to select colors for the class to decide upon at a later meeting. Soon after Christmas vacation a meeting was held to vote on the all-absorbing subject of a party. After some rather hot debating it was finally decided that the class would entertain at an informal dance on February 9th. Committees were appointed and the plans went ahead merrily; however, we were doomed to disappointment as the dreaded "flu" was having its party instead.

A meeting was held to decide on another date, but—a large number adhered to the custom of "giving up" parties for Lent so the month of March had to be omitted in the discussions. The question was left undecided until April 19, when a quorum met in Room 2, to definitely decide on a date for a party. April 27 was selected and an invitation was extended to all the classes to attend. To increase the Junior coffers a small admission charge was made.

The next event of first rank was the Junior Reception. Committees were appointed early in May to plan for this crowning social event of the year.

We have been active in athletics as well as in social affairs. Mansfield Foley, Joe Kaspers and Edwin Miilu have been awarded letters in football. John McGinty has earned a basketball monogram and Joe Kaspers, Bernard LePage, Lionel Miron and Lloyd Michels have won letters in hockey. We have supported a girls' basketball team not particularly noted for its ability to play as a class team, but which has shown some good material for the team next year.

J olly laughing students we
U p at the head of the class we'll be.
N ow is the time to try for fame
I hope that all will enter the game
O n to the highest peak we'll rise
R ight upward to the very skies.
S o put on your thinking caps and be wise.

S. McC., '24.

OUR CLASS

When our class entered Houghton High,
We were green Freshmen then,
We didn't know a single thing
Or what to do or when.

The next year we were Sophomores proud,
And thought we knew it all,
We looked with scorn on the Freshmen class,
Because they were so small.

Now we compose the Junior class,
Have almost reached the top,
In one more step we will be there
And then we'll have to stop.

Next year we will be Seniors,
The best class of them all,
To Freshmen and the Sophomores,
We'll look extremely tall.

Next spring our class will graduate,
And will leave our school so dear,
And may not ever return to it,
For many and many a year.

E. S. '24

ASSEMBLIES

We all rush in with a howl and a roar,
And are promptly frowned on at the door.
All are lettered from A to Z—
We go to Stone, to Gaynor—Cavé.

We are seated on camp chairs that look, oh so meek—
When you fall to the floor, you stand for a week.
The long suffering piano is dragged from its lair
In hopes that Corrine soon will be there.

First on the program we render a song—
Johnny Moore's saxaphone helps us along.
There's Eddy and Irma with fiddle and bow—
And we render "The Climate" and poor "Old Black Joe."

"There are too many flunking, and it's got to quit—
All you do is look wise, moon around and sit!"
After getting our spirits to lowest ebb
We think for a minute of what he has said.

Then we render a yell for our shaky teams,
Which we do and hear the creak of the beams.
"One yell more,"is the common plea,
(We remember we haven't our geometry.)

"Assembly's dismissed," our principal says,
"This section goes first—remember that, please—
No pushing here—at the door, don't squeeze!"
At last we land upon the street—and remember it's over—
For another week! M. V. O., '24.

DECLAMATION TIME

The pupil stood on the platform high,
To give his little ditty.
He looked so sad and lonesome
He surely had our pity.

He looked around in a frightened way,
Far and near for a friend,
Then trembling paused and stuttered
And mixed beginning with end.

No sooner was it straightened out,
Than voice completely failed him.
His knees began to move about
And things began to swim.

He vainly looked around for help,
But help was far away.
His knees began to get wobbly
And his body began to sway.

At last his voice returned again,
But speech he quite forgot.
And in its stead he only said,
"Gee, fellows, ain't it hot?"

M. P. McM., '24.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The first part of our career as the Class of 1925 having been completed with the close of the second semester in June, we returned to school in September with lofty expectations and anticipations. We took pride in our new name. "Sophomores!" It sounded good to be called by some cognomen other than "Freshmen." No longer were we subject to the taunts and ridicules of the mighty upper classmen, but in turn we levied the usual abuses on the dear little Freshmen.

Our first class meeting was called October 4, 1922. Hayner Marshall, our '21 mentor, addressed the class. Nomination and election of officers was taken up. Hayner was re-elected president, Fred Beehler was chosen as vice-president, while the financial reins (secretary-treasurer) fell to Dorothea Gundlach. At our second meeting dues were set at fifty cents a semester.

Our class advisers are Miss Stone, Miss Duncan and Mr. Chambers and under these we made ourselves famous and respected by all.

In 1922 and 1923 we were well represented in athletics. "Bob" Ingram, Hoton Hi's speedy back and the first player to score on Hancack's 1922 championship machine, is a member of our class. Bob is captain-elect for next year's eleven. "Quincy Hill" Dostaler and "Pegs" Beehler played throughout the season at guard and end, respectively. Later in the season "Jack" Hildner was added to the squad and, playing his first game with the varsity in the guard position, performed very creditably against Calumet. "Irv" Nadeau played a strong game at tackle with the second team, and he will be counted upon to display his wares with the first eleven next fall.

Many Sophomores responded to the first call for basketball. After the preparatory series was played, the following Sophs remained with the second team: Dostaler, H. Marshall, Lund, McGann, forwards, and

Hildner guard. These helped to develop the champion second team of the league under the able coaching of Mr. Jones. Dostaler was given a chance to exhibit his skill at guard in the tournament game with Escanaba and he performed admirably.

While the boys were doing their part to uphold the class honor, the girls were not idle. Under Miss Pagel's supervision, they emerged victorious from the pennant race. It is true they participated in some very hard-fought battles, but that only adds more glory to their well-earned laurels. The last game, in which they defeated the Freshmen 20 to 19, was one of the best, if not the best, exhibition of girls' basketball ever staged on the gym floor. Thus the class of 1925 holds the championship banner for 1923. The personnel of the team is as follows: Lenore Wright (captain), Grace Richards, Mildred Stone, Corrine Campbell, Jean Moon, Agnes Ingram, Alice Aldrich, and Ruth Broan. The undefeated Hoton Hi's girls' team included several Sophomore stars in its line-up, Lenore Wright, Corrine Campbell, Mildred Stone and Agnes Ingram.

After the Copper Country Inter-Scholastic Basketball League had completed its schedule and the High School team disbanded, practices began for class basketball. Seven candidates turned out for the Sophomore team, but due to ineligibility, two were dropped. The team was handicapped throughout the tournament by lack of subs to replace the regulars when they were exhausted.

The team was built around three former second-string record team men as a nucleus. Pre-tournament scrimmages fostered the appearance of a winning team, but the tournament sprang many surprises. In the first game, although outplayed by the Seniors, the Sophs found the ring once more than their opponents and triumphed by a very low score, 5 to 3.. The next game was with the Juniors. Although favored to win, the Sophs were beaten in a hectic battle by the score of 14 to 5. This defeat of the Sophs clamped a shadow on their championship hopes, but things looked brighter when the Sophs romped away with the Freshies, 13 to 7. This placed all the teams in a four-cornered tie which was broken when the Juniors were beaten by the Seniors. The Seniors and Sophs were then tied for first place and the Seniors were doped out to win. In a fast and furious contest the Seniors emerged at the long end of a 11 and 5 score, thus annexing the boys' banner. The class was disappointed at the result, but the team has no alibis to offer except that it lacked substitutes. The defeat of the Sophs by the Juniors was one of the real upsets of the series and the fact that the Seniors, who had been picked as easy losers from the start, won out is rather surprising. The following boys comprised the Sophomore team: "Levi" Bourbonnais, center; "Yens" McGann, forward; "Apollo" Beehler, forward and captain; "Jack" Hildner and "Irv" Nadeau, guards. The Sophs finished in second place with a percentage of .500, having won two and lost two games.

In a ticket contest held to ascertain which class could sell the most tickets for the home game with Lake Linden, the class of 1925 came out second with an average of about fifty per cent, a further proof of the loyalty of the Sophs.

A class meeting was held before Lent for the purpose of deciding upon class colors and fixing a date for the annual party. Kelly green and white were selected as colors. It was decided to have the party after Lent so as not to interfere with the observance of any religious creed. Friday, April 6, was set as the night for the party, but on April 4, a meeting was called and it was decided to postpone the party to April 13, on account of the inability to arrange affairs, due to the shortness of the time from Holy Week to the date set. Also at

this meeting a little "sprint" and "pep" was aroused for the championship boys' basketball game played that night. Speeches on class spirit and co-operation were made by several of the students. All those who had decided to attend the declamatory and oratorical contest at Calumet were asked to sign up. It was especially emphasized that Sophs should attend this contest, which was to be held the following night, since Hayner Marshall ,the president of our class, represented Houghton in the declamatory contest for the second time. About one-third of the class went.

The preliminary declamatory contest was held in the Karkeek Building the last week of March. Three Sophomores participated, namely: Jack Hildner, Ruth Broan and Hayner Marshall. Hayner's declamation, "The Verdict," was adjudged the best. Hayner recited his declamation before the whole student body at an assembly held April 4, Wednesday, in order to give him practice before an audience.

The contest was held in the Calumet High School Auditorium Thursday, April 5. Houghton's representative delivered his declamation very fluently and distinctly and the Houghton supporters, especially the Sophomores, were keenly disappointed when the judges awarded Houghton a tie for third place. But we can't win first honors all the time. We won them in '22, but this year we must rest content with a lower place. Houghton will come back strong in 1924.

Our class party was held on the scheduled date. The affair was a tremendous success, due in a great measure to the not unrewarded efforts of the committee. Miss Stone, Miss Duncan, Mr. Chambers, Hayner Marshall, Robert and Agnes Ingram and Alice Aldrich composed the committee.

The hall was decorated in green and white, our class colors. As the class had voted in the meeting held April 4, each Sophomore was allowed to bring a guest from within the High School. Many faculty members were present and also the parents of several students. Due to the University of Michigan Extension Lecture held that night, the party got a late start. However, an exception to the rule governing class affairs was made and the dance closed at twelve instead of at eleven-thirty. The music was very good and the refreshments came in "just fine." "Cut in" and "whistle" dances featured the evening's program. Leave it to the Sophs when it comes to entertaining.

The Class of '25 have been strong contenders for scholarship honors, and each month finds several Sophs on the honor roll.

Was there or will there ever again be a class of "live wires" like the present Sophomore class? The answer must surely be negative. In the future, note the doings of our class and find out for yourselves. We'll be back "on high" in September and watch us go!

F. B., '25.

A MODERN MELODRAMA

Characters: Girl, Villian, Dog, River

Act 1

Villian throws girl in river
Dog jumps in and drinks up the river.
Saves girl's lfie.

Act 2

Villian trys to escape.
Dog coughs up river.
Villian drowns.

L. A. U., '23.

FRESHMEN NOTES

On September fifth, the opening day of school, citizens of Houghton beheld a strangely familiar sight. On all sides were Freshmen hurrying to school, eager (?) for their first taste of High School life. A few curious persons noticed that on the back of every Freshman reposed a huge school-bag, on which was lettered in bold type the initials "H. H. S." Soon the excitement of starting our High School life ended and we settled down to work.

At an early meeting we chose Jack Frimodig to stand at our head during our initial year, with Nicholas Kaiser as his worthy assistant. Dorothy Bourbonnais was elected to handle financial matters.

Of course, in almost no time, the proposition of holding our first party was brought up. Committees were picked and everything was made in readiness. November twenty-ninth, the night of the party, soon arrived and everybody was there in full regalia. After a few games, refreshments of punch and wafers were served. Then the floor was prepared for dancing. Our faculty advisors, Misses Covalt, Siewert and Pagel, together with Superintendent Erickson, spent a busy evening teaching a few bashful and retiring Freshmen how to trip the light fantastics.

The Freshmen basketball team, composed of Russell Mutter (Capt.), Ernest Girard, Russell Nikula, Alfred Hildner, Jack Frimodig, Dudley Calverley and Harold Larsen, entered the Inter-Class tournament filled with hope, but the results which followed proved disastrous, the final scores finding them reposing in the basement position. After surprising everybody by beating the Juniors, they hit a downhill grade and lost every following game. The scores were:

Freshmen.....	8	Juniors	7
Freshmen.....	4	Seniors	15
Freshmen.....	8	Sophomores	12
Freshmen.....	8	Juniors	11

A post-season game with West Houghton, Grade Tournament champions, resulted in a defeat, by the score of 11-6. The two Freshmen teams in the Grade Tournament fared much better, the '26 seconds finishing second and the 9A team third.

The Freshmen girls, on the other hand, were the really big surprise. They immediately rose to the occasion by beating the Juniors and Seniors. But the Sophomores proved to be their stumbling block, a fiercely contested game with them resulting in their defeat.

The Freshmen class was exceptionally well represented in Inter-School athletics. Roy, Kaiser, Cornellier and Shetney all played on the hockey team, Roy especially playing a stellar game throughout the season. In football, MacFarlane and Roy upheld the class honors.

Ruth Rashleigh and Jack Frimodig were the representatives on the Student Council.

J. F., '26.

A BEGGAR'S BALLAD

My feet are tired and my head is dizzy,
But not as bad as poor old Izzy.
He is old and has white hair,
And I am young and do not care.

Oh, Izzy and I are two great pals
And we have lots of fun with the gals,
But the times are often when we're not fed,
And go to sleep without a bed.

As we go walking down the street,
We see the watchman walking his beat.
He has a job and a sense of duty
And a pretty daughter, oh, what a beauty.

Now this pretty daughter is kind and sweet,
Once she gave us something to eat.
And when we have had no food for the day
We turn our footsteps toward that way.

But as we walk along we are sad,
For in Beggars' clothes we now are clad.
We are often both hungry and cold.
And poor old Izzy is growing old.

When a good, kind person we chance to meet,
We ask for money for something to eat.
We go from door to door to beg,
And once Izzy nearly broke his leg.

Some give us money and bid us good-day.
Others have dogs to chase us away.
One day when I had lifted the latch,
I heard a growl and was minus a patch.

Often we're cold and often we're weary,
Often there's nothing to make us cheery.
My feet are tired and my head is dizzy
And I don't know what's the matter with Izzy.

H. L., '26.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Each year the Girls' Glee Club has enlarged itself considerably until this year, under the leadership of Miss Cameron, it has a membership of about forty. About seventeen of this number entered in February.

The officers who were elected in the early part of the year were:

President—Florence Brimacombe.

Vice President—Irma Voetsch.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mary Messner.

In the beginning of the year the club worked on single songs. It was not long, however, before Miss Cameron found a suitable cantata called, "Pan on a Summer's Day." The cantata was given at the Amphidrome on June 7th and was a great success.

During the second semester the club sang one number in the assembly. The number was enjoyed by all.

At the end of the term the girls agreed that they had accomplished a great deal.

L. C. C., '25.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

For the first time in years the boys have formed a Glee Club in Houghton High. The credit for starting and also continuing this branch of activities goes to Miss Jessie Cameron, our musical director. The boys met early in the term in the Central

School building. The following boys turned out:

1st Tenors.

John Moore ..... '23
Lloyd Michels ..... '24
Thomas Trathen ..... '23

2nd Tenors.

Milton Grams ..... '23
Paul Goodale ..... '23
John Nelson ..... '23

Baritones.

Palmer Sullivan ..... '23
Edward Hildner ..... '23
Lawrence Gilles ..... '23
Edwin Miilu ..... '24
Robert Ingram ..... '24

Basses.

Leo Roy ..... '26
Coyle Penberthy ..... '24
Lionel Miron ..... '24
Bernard LePage ..... '24
Edwin Batchelder ..... '24

The boys sang in the Assembly on the first day of the second semester. They were accompanied by Corrine Campbell.

Between the acts of the Athletic Association plays on May 24, 1923, six boys from the club sang two songs. These same boys sang again in Assembly and also for the St. Cecelia Club. The entire club sang for the last time in the cantata, "Pan on a Summer's Day" given by the Girls' Glee Club in June.

THE H. H. S. ORCHESTRA

When the other musical activities began in September the orchestra also had its beginning under the leadership of Miss Cameron.

The orchestra was a little larger than usual. In the first semester they worked on the regular style of High School Orchestra music. As a change Miss Cameron procured some more lively music. They have a program of dance music now, and have planned to play for the High School parties next year.

In the course of the year the orchestra made several public appearances, all of which were most successful. The orchestra also played for the student body on different occasions, to our great enjoyment.

The High School chorus felt very fortunate to be accompanied by the orchestra several times.

We all hope that the orchestra will make many public appearances, and be present at every assembly next year.

L. C. C., '25.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The decision of some of the school districts on Quincy Hill to send their high school pupils to Ripley this year, cut rather heavily on the enrollment in the Commercial Department. However, an unusually large number of Freshmen from the Houghton district chose commercial work, and by another year the department will have its usual enrollment.

The department has received more calls than it has been able to fill, especially for boys. There is no question but that commercial work offers great opportunities to pupils who are willing to put in the time and expend the necessary effort to prepare themselves for a business life, and that high school pupils are coming to recognize these opportunities is shown by the fact that in some schools as high as 75 per cent of the entire enrollment are taking commercial work.

There is a constantly growing demand for more and better prepared clerks and stenographers, and in the small schools, commercial work is usually the only line offered that prepares pupils for earning their own living. Competition in business is becoming so keen that only the well-prepared survive. The idea prevails in some quarters that the bright boy or girl should not take up commercial work, but should prepare for college. It is often said that any one can become a typist, a stenographer or a bookkeeper. Usually the people who have such an idea have never attempted to master any of these branches.

Typewriting is not a purely mechanical act; the typist who attempts to write without thinking, is doomed to failure. It is true that the good typist does most of the work mechanically, but it is also true that fast work on a typewriter requires a greater degree of concentration than many more highly considered lines of work.

But even if typewriting is considered a purely mechanical act, the co-ordinating of muscles and the agility to move the fingers at the rate of several hundred movements a minute, requires an amount of practice beyond the conception of one who has not attempted to master the machine. A rate of fifty words a minute is considered a very moderate rate now, but writing even at that rate requires from two hundred fifty to three hundred movements of the fingers and arms.

The successful stenographer must have a keen sense of hearing; a quickness of thought that will enable her to decide instantly which of half a dozen rules applies to the writing of a word; a memory that will enable her to remember what the dictator said, while at the same time listening to what he is now saying and also writing the words in shorthand. Transcribing notes successfully requires a knowledge of the English language greater than that required for translating from a foreign language; for comparatively few dictators will state a thought in exactly the way that they wish it worded, and so the stenographer must often take the thought expressed and put it into good English. She must know how to punctuate and paragraph, and above all she must know how to spell. And while she is deciding all these points in her mind, her fingers must be busy clicking off the letters, for it is by her transcript that a stenographer is judged.

Typewriting and shorthand are the two commercial subjects that attract most attention from the public; there is something very interesting in watching a good typist, a fascination in watching the swift and sure movement of the fingers.

Some very excellent records have been made by the typewriting pupils this year.

As in previous years, the Remington and Underwood tests have been given each month, and practically all of the advanced class have won one or more of the awards given by these companies.

Two gold medals were awarded by the Remington Typewriter Company, one to Sigrid Pelto and one to Lila Kellow. Winning this medal requires a net speed of at least fifty-five words a minute, without more than five errors in ten minutes.

The Remington Typewriter Company also awards a card case to pupils making a net speed of forty-five words a minute without more than five errors in the ten minutes, and this award was won by Lila Kellow, Helen Pettis, Lillie Piippo and Florence Brimacombe.

The Underwood Typewriter Company awards a bronze medal to those who make a net speed of forty words a minute on a fifteen-minute test, and gives an additional bar for each ten words above forty. Florence Brimacombe, Lila Kellow, Sigrid Pelto, Ruth Kendall, Lily McCance and Marcella Allie won the bronze medal, the first two also winning an additional bar.

In addition to this nine out of ten won the Junior O. A. T. membership early in the year, while seven won the Senior O. A. T. membership.

Some very unusual records were made by members of the beginning typewriting class. Eino Niemonen, Irene LeClair and Blanche Sylvestre won the Primary Award granted by the Remington Company for those who make a speed of twenty-five words a minute during the first year, and May Jenkins and Agnes McGann won the bronze medal; while Susan Kendall won the bronze medal with an extra bar.

The great event of the year is always the District Shorthand and Typewriting Contest, which this year was held at Lake Linden on April 28. In this contest Houghton carried off more than its share of honors, winning first and second places in three out of four contests in which pupils were entered, and coming out third in the other contest.

In the Novice Typewriting class Susan Kendall won first, and May Jenkins second; in Amateur Typewriting, Sigrid Pelto was first and Lila Kellow second; in Novice Shorthand Sadie McCance won first place and May Jenkins second; while in the Amateur Shorthand Ruth Kendall won third place.

Many comments were made by the teachers from other schools on the ease with which the Houghton pupils wrote and the neat-appearing copy which they turned in in the typewriting events.

On May 4 the winners of first and second places in the district contest, went to Marquette to take part in the Upper Peninsula Contest, which was held at the Normal on May 5. This is the first year that an Upper Peninsula contest has been held and it was the first opportunity for Houghton pupils to meet commercial pupils from outside the Copper Country.

Susan Kendall won the Novice Typewriting Championship for the Upper Peninsula, while Sadie McCance was given third place in the Novice Shorthand event.

There can be only one winner in each event in these contests, but all pupils who take part may derive some benefit from meeting pupils from other schools and in this way finding out what is being done in these schools and measuring their ability against the ability of the representatives of other schools.

WRITIN' POEMS

They're always tryin' to get a guy
To write a little poem,
But no matter how I try
I don't know how to do 'em.

They'll hand a guy a nice old "4"
Because he cannot do 'em
But what is more, I know a "4"
And I won't write a poem.

W. A., '24.

ALUMNI NOTES

Willard Allard, John Millenbach, Melvin Knisely, Raymond Satterley, and Thomas Wilson, of the Class of 1922, and Ernest Gustafson, Clifford Pinten, Taylor MacNamara, Wheeler MacVicar and Joseph Croze of the Class of 1921 are attending the Michigan College of Mines.

Edwin Champion, Velma Jestila, Mary Meyers (1922) and Dorothy Kehoe, Pearl Bunt, Dorothy and Catherine Hutchings (1921), are attending the Marquette Normal.

Alice Eddy, John Chiotte, Martha Eddy, Helen Ross, Elizabeth Westcott (1922) and Constance MacDonald, Ruth MacDonald, Emily Pryor, Anna Gatien and Bob MacLean are attending colleges outside of the Copper Country.

Isdell Bowers (1922) is a student at the Twin City Commercial College in Hancock.

Frederick Andrews, Mary Bresnahan, Margaret Ford, Dorcas Singleton, Agnes Sylvester, Catherine LePage and Lloyd MacLean (1922) are working in Detroit.

Stanley Butler, David Harris, Stuart Rosemurgy, George Richards, Eino Matero, Siiri Hill, Dorothy Carpenter, Mae Manderfield, Evelyn Hartz, Aveline Carrier, Bessie Opie, Irene Usitalo (1922) and John Meyers, Fred Croze, Harold Grams, Harry James, Dorothy Snowden, Fred Mutter, Louis Guilbault (1921) are holding various positions in and around Houghton.

Evelyn Verran of 1922 is working at the Marquette Normal.

George Butler (1922) and Thomas James (1920) are working in Chicago.

Agnes McGann is taking a post-graduate course in Houghton High.

THE IDEAL SENIOR GIRL HAS:

Hair like—Mary Theriault.
Eyes like—Stella Armstrong.
Lashes like—Alice LePage.
Nose like—Ruth Hamilton.
Mouth like—Leona Hartz.
Dimples like—Elizabeth Richards.
Laugh like—Stephanie Sullivan.
Blush like—Muriel Kellow.
Hands like—Helen MacFarlane.
Feet like—Florence Richards.
Brains like—Lydia Kotila.
Complexion like—Ruth Kendall.
Disposition like—Henriette Gundlach.
Sense of humor like—Florence Brimacombe.
Neatness like—Louise Uren.
Pep like—Emma Girard.

THE IDEAL SENIOR BOY HAS:

Hair like—John Moore.
Eyes like—Kenneth Lewis.
Lashes like—Lawrence Gilles.
Nose like—John Marshall.
Mouth like—Palmer Sullivan.
Dimples like—Urho Strang.
Laugh like—Elmer Jacobson.
Blush like—John Nelson.
Hands like—Ricard Carne.
Feet like—Edwin Goodale.
Brains like—Milton Grams.
Manners like—Harold Gustafson.
Disposition like—Daniel Brown.
Dependability like—Gage Cooper.
Pep like—Ted Hildner.
Sense of humor like—Harry Calverley.

A PERFECT SCHOOLDAY

When the eight-thirty bell rang, Miss Fisher said, "Now, instead of studying for ten minutes, as you usually do, or at least, should do, you may talk or do anything you want." Up went Charles McGann's hand. "May we throw erasers and chalk?"

"Surely, you may, Charles. Now have a good time."

When the car arrived, fifteen minutes late, Miss Fisher said, "I am sure none of you feel like studying. Instead, would you explain the game of basketball, using all the slang you possibly can? Let's see. Oh, yes! Edward, you try. If you give us enough slang I will give you a "1" on your report card."

The next class was Caesar. Miss Stone smiled pleasantly and said she was sorry, but we must have our lesson. "Alice," said she, "please translate as far as you are able." With the greatest ease, Alice translated the lesson perfectly.

"Now," inquired Margaret, "may we have some fun?"

"Yes," replied Miss Stone. "I am going home for a while. You need not worry about disturbing the other classes. If they don't like it, I am afraid they had better go somewhere else."

Third period we went to see Mr. Cavé. As he looked about the room, he noticed Saima Nyysti looking out of the window.

"Saima," he said, "I am sure you wish to demonstrate this theorem."

Saima advanced to the board, and began the proof very rapidly.

"Stop, Saima, stop," exclaimed Mr. Cavè, "You should endeavor to cultivate the quality of slowness, or else I am afraid the less intelligent cannot follow the work."

After frequent interruptions by Mr. Cavé, Saima completed her recitation. It was then eleven-thirty.

"Well," said Mr. Cavé, "I am going home. You can do as you like."

Fourth period, Mrs. Trezona came in the room at one-thirty. "Well, girls," she exclaimed, "why are you staying in here? Isn't it rather dull?"

We all agreed that it was. "Wouldn't you like to go over to MacDonald's and suppose you were going to furnish your home immediately?"

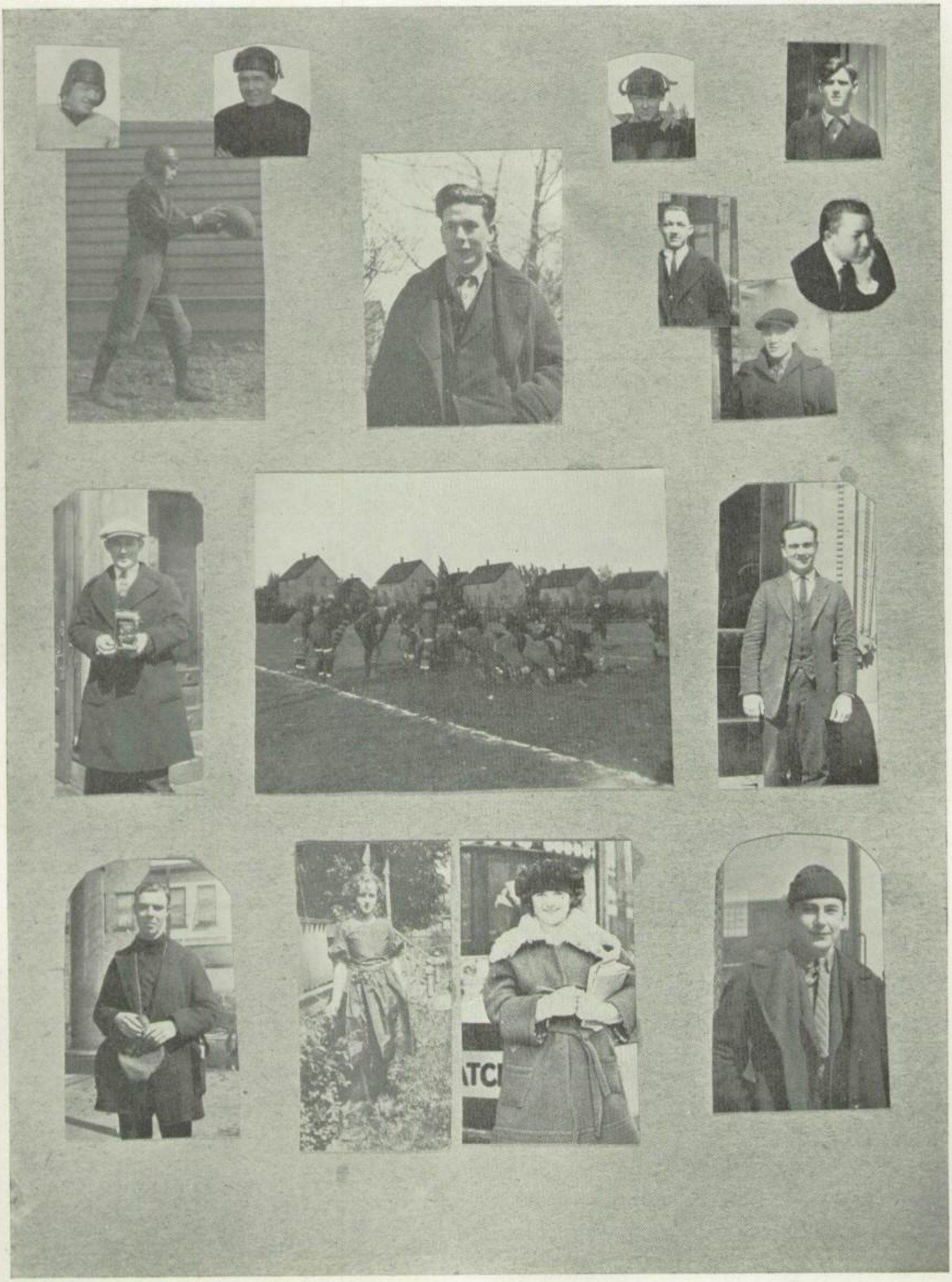
Again we agreed, and so set out.

Fifth period, we had assembly period, in charge of Mr. Knisely.

It was a sleepy period. Mr. Knisely began to nod. BANG! A book fell to the floor. Mr. Knisely sprang to his feet, fully awake. Then smiling, he said, "I didn't realize how tiresome this period is. Those who wish may go."

A minute later there was no one in the room.

Yours truly,
CLASS OF 1924.



THE GREAT GAME

It was the night of the great ping-pong game between Houghton and Calumet.

Houghton kicked off and Calumet carried the puck to second base. On the next play Houghton was caught holding, and Calumet was given two free throws. Houghton called time because of a mis-deal. On the next play Houghton batted the old pigskin over the fence, scoring the first basket. Then the game was called on account of lightness, and Calumet was declared the loser by a score of 0 to 0.

H. L., '25.

" BUY SOMETHING MADE OF COPPER"

When the cornerstone of the old Houghton High School was opened, the contents were found to be in excellent condition. This is due perhaps to the box in which they were stored.

In 1899, copper was probably not used as extensively as it is today, but the school board of that time had the cornerstone made of the metal that is mined in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan.

Although the box was secluded for 24 years, it showed no ill effects, and the contents were not damaged in the least.

Thus the slogan of today in the Copper Country, "Buy Something Made of Copper," is in all probability the right motto, as it will outlast all other metals for safety purposes.

E. B., '25.

CALCULATIONS

One day, feeling somewhat arithmetically inclined, I decided to do some calculations. If you do not possess too strong dislike for figures, you may be interested enough to follow my manipulations of ciphers:

Suppose each of the three hundred students uses two theme pads per month. There are sixty sheets in a pad, each sheet measuring eleven inches in length. Figuring, we reach the conclusion that during the year the mass of paper used by the three hundred students, placed end to end, lengthwise, would make a line 3,960,000 inches long—or 62.5 miles—the width of the state of Connecticut!

Suppose each student goes up the steps in the Bosch building on the average of three times a day. The ascent is about thirty feet. During the year, if the climbs were put one above the other, the elevation reached equals 16,000 feet—the average height of the Himalaya Mountains. So we may climb many, many years, but never reach the top.

Anyone doubting the above calculations may compute for himself with perfect liberty.

L. K., '23.

ATLAS POWDER MILL

I was invited to go to the Atlas Powder Mill. When my friend and I went, we were challenged by a guard, but after showing him our pass we were admitted. We first visited the laboratory, and when we entered we thought we were walking in a flower garden. Alas, instead of making nitrogen, they were making perfume.

Disgustedly we went to the department where wads for bullets were made, but to our astonishment instead of making wads, they were working on powder puffs.

With the same feeling of indignation we left here and entered the room where they make black powder. We looked on the barrels and it said "low explosives face powder."

We now came to the sulphur apartment

and lo! that funny sulphur smell came to our noses, but we entered and found it was that awful smelling rouge.

We left this place and entered the room where cartridges are made and filled; we heard the capping machines and all that, but to our astonishment, when we touched the dark red bullets, we found that all the cartridge held was—lipstick.

We entered the good old dynamite apartment. Ah! It was good to our eyes to see those good old sticks. We unwrapped one only to behold "Atlas Shaving Cream."

We quickly went to the president and asked what this meant. He told us in a few words that it was more profitable for manufacturers to make these articles than high explosives.

We left the mill, never to return.

E. R.

SOLILOQUY OF JIM'S PENCIL

Say, I've had exercise today that would make Jack Dempsey blush with shame. The test in history wasn't so bad, but I certainly did shiver when I came into Latin class. There I can always expect enough work. Of course, Jim doesn't injure himself studying, but say, that teacher tests my nerves. She doesn't take any pity on me. Jim made frequent visits to the sharpener, my mortal enemy. Of course, he did not care about what I thought. Little did he think that some day I would perhaps meet my fate there. Even Mary Queen of Scotts would sympathize with me.

What! Is it twelve o'clock already? To think that I must be put into a dismal old schoolbag for goodness knows how long. I hope Jim won't forget me in there.

Class bell rings. Children go out for lunch. 1:15 P. M. On way to school.

It looks to me as though Jim is going to be late for school. It makes my head ache to be moving about in this bag. Oh, if I could but tell that boy to hurry!

Well, we barely get here when the last bell rings. Here we are in English class. I must begin to watch my p's and q's. Another visit to the sharpener. Jim happened to notice my decrease in height and said: "Day by day in every way you're getting shorter and shorter, eh?" I am nearly doomed now. One or two more sharpenings and I shall be in the Happy Hunting Grounds. I had better make a good impression so that Jim will show a little consideration in using me. Coue's method wouldn't do me any good in my predicament. That's one advantage which human beings have over me. Perhaps if Jim receives a good mark in Latin, he will like me better.

Another sharpening. I was nearly thrown away, but Jim didn't happen to have a nickle just then to buy a new one. Say, I'm beginning to feel faint. I think I'm getting too old to last long. I think my next visit to the sharpener will be my last one. The thought of it isn't very encouraging, but I'll have to bear it like a martyr.

I'm getting nervous about that sharpener. Jim has his eye on it. Little does he pity me. Oh, if only I had a voice now! He is going up there now. I can say goodbye to this world. But no! He sharpens me and takes me to his seat. He looks mysterious and draws a knife out of his pocket. My only ray of hope has deserted me. With a few slashes he cuts me. My breath leaves me.

A pencil knows the troubles it bears,
It dies but a martyr from pain and from cares.

D. L. B., '26.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

The sun sank in a blood-red cloud. The wind in the tree tops sobbed and lamented. From the murky sky a strange, weird veil hung like a somber shroud. In the distance the house-dogs bayed at the pale, dim moon. The crickets chirped dolefully. It was the kind of a night that even brave men hate, when the darkness seems only dimly to hide the strange shapes that glide noiselessly in and out the shadows. Not a star shone to guide the ships at sea. Everywhere darkness held the world enthralled. Just the kind of a night that one would fancy ghost, gnome and witch to hold their fiendish revelry.

Through Dead Man's Gulch where the haunted mill with its broken arms stood still and gaunt like a hugh white specter, a footman passed that night. Suddenly, as with quaking heart he trudged along, a man stepped from the shadows. The footman stood stock still. His knees rattled together, but he dared not run! Then the shadow spoke, "My friend, can you give me a chew of the weed?" The chew was gladly given and each continued on his way. There was neither murder nor strife. But I have often thought, "How sad it might have been!"

I. E. V., '24.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

MOSE JOHNSON

Ah done went to a ball game de othah day and Ah done see de Senioh boys take a Champ'onship bannah away f'om de Soph'mohs. Dat was some game, Ah'm tellin' yo'.

Yo' all know what basketball am, doan yo'? Fust, yo' all mus' hab ten boys. Five ob dem am on one side an' five ob dem on de othah side. Dey have a ball an' dey try to shoot dat ball in a basket what's hangin' on de wall. Dat basket done got a hole in de bottom ob it.

Well, a refiree blowed de whistle an' de jumpin-middle ob de Soph'mohs done bat dat ball to anothah Soph'moh an' he done run down de flo' bouncin' dat ball. Den a Senioh jumped on him an' take de ball away. He run down de flo' an' shoot de ball in de basket.

Well, it went along in jus' sich a mannah. Putty soon a boy got dat ball (Ah doan 'member 'zactly whether he was a Soph'moh or a Senioh), but anyhow, anothah boy grabbed him an' hung on tight like a bulldog. Well, 'stead ob letting 'em fight it out foh themselves dat referee person blew his whistle. He gib de ball to a boy an' he done shoot de ball in de basket. (Come to rec'lec' Ah guess dat boy was a Soph'moh named Beelah or somethin' like dat.) Well, pretty soon de whistle blew an' somebody says dat de game am half ovah. Lot ob de boys had done shooted de basket an' de scoh was ahead foh de Seniohs. Ah was sorry 'cause Ah done want de Soph'mohs to win dat game. Well, anyhow, dey was still one moh part ob dat game dat had to be played.

In de secon' half ob de game de Seniohs done shoot moh baskets dan de Soph'mohs. A boy named Hildnah an' anothah boy named Sullivan an' Mooh done shoot dem. De Soph'mohs done shoot no baskets, nohow. Onct a Soph-moh done get de ball an' done shoot a basket. His name am Boobanaw, I guess. Anothah time a Soph'moh done grab de ball an' a Senioh done disremembah an' think dat he am playin' football an' he think dat he am aswimmin'. He dive an' grab de Soph'moh by the legs an' tip him ovah, an' what d'you guess—dat referee person didn't blow dat whistle

an' give de Soph'mohs de ball. Ah can't undahstan' how come dat done happen.

De las' whistle done blow an' de game am ovah. De scoh am "leben against five in favoh ob de Seniohs.

Ah shoh was grieved 'cause Ah done want de Soph'mohs to win dat game.

An' Ah houpes dat Ah done 'membah dat game c'rec'ly 'cause Ah shoh wouldn't like to gib yo'all de wrong impression ob dat dere game, an'ef yo'all fin' some mistakes yo'all kin blame dat on ma mem'ry.

M. C. S., '25.

THE PRIZE FIGHTS OF OLD

In the good old days when the Romans watched a prize-fight, it was considerably different than those of our day. At that time no padded gloves graced the fighter's hands, but real iron knuckles, the kind that were barred after the great John L. Sullivan killed poor old Fred Smith. The bout which I am going to refer to happened about the time when Julius Caesar smoked Ed. M. Lieblein's famous LaNelda cigars, and women wore skirts with a train which dragged a yard or two after them.

The two contestants were Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller. The bout was to decide which of these two men was the greater capitalist. Among the notables present were Jack Dempsey, Decius Brutus, Henry VIII, Shakespeare, and last, but not least of all, Battling Justus, who had recently toppled over the mighty Siki, the leopard of Europe, in two fast and furious rounds.

Henry advanced to the center of the ring in a Ford driven by Barney Oldsfield, while his opponent rode on the exhausted gas of his car. Matt Kobe and Floyd Burr were there to see that no professional "dope" crep in, and A. F. Westphal, Matt Chambers and O. P. Jones acted as referees and judges.

John D. packed enough gas behind one wallop that, had it ever landed home, nuts, bolts, pistons and spark-plugs would all be in one grand mass. Every time that Henry hit John D. the screws and nuts holding on the iron knuckles became loose and had to be tightened between rounds. John sent a smashing left and battering right jab to Henry's jaw when gasoline jumped to twenty-nine cents a gallon and Ford cars dropped to three hundred and fifty dollars, C. O. D., but Ford nearly knocked John D. out when Tommy Edison invented a liquid (composed of nitrogen, hydraulic pressure and carbonate of soda) which could be used in Ford cars instead of gas.

The fight was going on pleasantly, when suddenly a voice which beckoned me from my reverie called out, "James, will you get up? Did you hear me tell you to get up? It's a quarter of eight."

J. McG., '26.

HOUGHTON

H is for all the Happy days,
O is for its grand Old ways,
U is United we'll always be,
G is for Grand and best to me,
H is the Hours so jolly and gay,
T is Times I'm wishing could stay,
O is Our love so fond and true,
N is for Nothing too good can we do.
Add them together and find the sum
The word to the end spells HOUGHTON.

B. I., '25.

ADVICE

They told her not to worry,
Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor feel a sense of hurry,
In taking her exam.

And so she did not worry,
Nor study hard, nor cram,
Nor feel a sense of hurry,
And she failed in her exam.

A. S., '24.

John Nelson.

SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS.
(Sighs from the Depths.)
(Apologies to De Quincy)
Prize Poem.

Oh! De Quincy days are past,
Each day bringing something new,
Something better than the last,
Something that we know is true.

This is true although I dreamed it,
And perhaps you'll think the same
When I've finished with my story,
Though my rhyme is weak and lame.

I dreamed that I met three ladies,
That were standing far apart,
And the first of these was pressing
The hot tears from her heart.

She is the one known as Latin,
Better known as "my lady of tears,"
She weeps on account of the failures
She has caused these many years.

The next was a miss called English,
Or nick-named "the lady of sighs,"
It is she who makes us worry
About the English prize.

Her head is bowed in her sorrow,
No one may look on her face,
Indeed I felt sorta' sorry for her
And I hated to leave the place.

I came to the last called Physics,
And her eye flashed deep as a well,
She it is whom we fear the most,
Who is known as the "lady from h-ll."

I flew away as fast as I could,
On the wings of a heavenly breath,
And I'll never forget her fearful face,
I'll remember it 'till death.

T. H., '23.

SPRING' MESSAGE—THE CROCUS.

The sun's glad rays are beaming
Upon the frozen earth;
While all the winds are scheming
Great things at Springtime's birth;
The birds are gladly singing
Sweet tales of Springtime love;
And Mercury is racing
With fleecy clouds above;
The melting snow is gurgling
Away across the lea;
The perfumed buds are struggling
To burst upon the tree;
Below, a robin near it
Whose breast is warm and red,
With beads of snow around it
A crocus nods its head.

L. B., '24.

NIGHT IS ON.

The work and noise of day is past;
The sobbing, whisp'ring, zephyrs blow,
Around the shadowy, vine-clad porch,
And night comes on.

The hum of insects flying by,
The far-off murmur of the brook,
The soft, low, swish of wind-swept grass,
And night comes on.

The dark'ning shadows thicker grow;
The noisy stillness closes 'round,
The moon comes out with softened glow,
And night comes on.

L. J. G., '23.

SPRING.

Everywhere the earth is covered
With a mantle pure and white
Soon 'twill change its winter cover
For a garment green and bright.

From the south the birds will journey
With their songs of joy and cheer
Seemingly to bring the message
In the springtime of the year.

Budding trees on plain and hilltop,
Peeping flowers in the lane
Seem to echo forth a greeting
That it's joy to live again.

Through the meadows and the valleys
Warbling brooklets wind their way,
Everywhere is joy and gladness
And the world is bright and gay.

C. M., '25.

VISIONS.

I went into the meadows,
And found my delight.
I wandered o'er paths
Lined with flowers. A sight
For the God who created this world.
A sight for my weary mind.
I lay complacently beside a dull brook,
And heard the slow swirl and soft whine
Of deep waters pass.
They carried my thoughts away,
Far from me. Till they dropt
To a shady nook as they left the cool fray
Where they held fast my dim dreams.
I saw far away from me
Brave men of old,
Dark visaged and swarthy,
Brawny and bold.
They held in their strong hands
The spear of the braves.
As they stood on the prow of light Danish ships,
They beckoned to slow waves.
They beckoned to me.
I saw them all gather to bid good-bye to the sun,
Which was setting in splendor
Now that its day was done.
It shone on their helmets, their shields and their hair.
Which was turned to the richest of gold's own array.
They bowed low their heads as if praying to God
To let them again greet the day.
Now, the sun was departed
And night had swept on.
The ship seemed dissolved
In dusk dropping down.
I saw only the great glisten of that golden array
That remained to remind me of that departing day.

M. G., '23.

THANABOTTOMSIS.

Ecod! but isn't it awful
To have to sit and think
Who in the dickens is Dickens
Or some other English gink?

Of course this pertains to English,
Which is used by Dukes and Lords,
But if you haven't a line on authors
You're politely handed the 4's.

But it isn't always the authors,
It's what the old fools do,
They'll jot it down and grunt and sigh
For the benefit of me and you.

But it isn't always the nonsense
That they try to scribble,
But it makes a name and it brings fame
To the men who can read their riddles.

Now there was a gent called Shakespeare
Who was an aid to humanity.
He wrote a lot—I know not what,
It was so deep you see.

Or have you heard of Spencer?
Edmund is his name.
I tried to understand his work—
I still can trace the pain.

But isn't it a grand old feeling
To read just what you please?
And when you can't pronounce a word
Just let it go or sneeze.

R. K., '25.

THE SHEIK OF TROY.

By the shores of the Aegean
Paris lived, a handsome boy,
He was known to all the flappers,
Called by them "The Sheik of Troy".

And fair Helen was his Sheba,
Also Menelaus' wife,
So fair Helen and her husband,
Didn't like their married life.

Menelaus had a bald spot,
On the tip top of his head,
And he made his wife, fair Helen,
Kiss it when she went to bed.

Helen didn't like the bald spot,
That was on her husband's head.
She would rather, yes, far rather,
Kiss her sheik of Troy instead.

And so one day, Menelaus
Walking 'round about the town,
Saw his wife and with her Paris,
And his face gave forth a frown.

When fair Helen came to dinner,
Menelaus swore and swore,
And it irritated Helen
'Till she couldn't stand him more.

So she ran away with Paris,
Didn't she have lots of gall?
Paris robbed the National Bank,
And he made a large sized haul.

Paris had to have the money
To elope and go away,
And so he traded in his Ford,
Bought himself a Chevrolet.

All the roads were good that springtime
And on all these roads they sped,
With a dozen cops behind them,
And the asphalt road ahead.

Paris, driving, stept upon her,
On the gas is what I mean,
And the wind was streaming past them,
Helen was too scared to scream.

If the Sheik of Troy had been caught,
By a motor cop, the jail
Would have been the place to take him,
And we wouldn't have this tale.

E. H., '23.

A SENIOR'S LAMENT.

So soon these days will be gone forever,
But from our hearts they will not sever;
No longer will those faces stern
Watch over us to make us learn.

Those are the days we were wont to dread
When we were forced to use our heads,
But till now we did not realize
How hard it would be to say our good-byes.

No longer will that silver tone ring
Which guides us through our daily routine,
As far as we all are concerned, you know,
For others take our place when we go.

The hands that will open that golden door,
The feet that will tred that hallway floor,
Will be those of our schoolmates dear
That still have more of this life of cheer.

H. T. O., '23.

A FLAPPER TO HER REFLECTION.

I see you there before me,
A cynically smiling face;
Sages say you're immoral,
Totally lacking in grace.

Sophistication personified
Is in your every glance.
Is it your freedom in action
That makes them look askance?

Your hair is bobbed for comfort,
Yours gowns are short for style,
Your language, free and easy
As your happy-go-lucky smile.

But, dear, if you lengthened your dresses
And brushed back that kiss-me curl,
Your classification'd be altered,
They'd call you a *real nice girl.*

H. M. K., '23.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

"Mary, what ya going to do tonight?"
She knew he was fussed at the very sight,
Blushing, stuttering, stammering round,
Then for a minute he made not a sound.

He started out bravely a second time,
He had forgotten his long learned "line,"
"Say, Mary, er-a-what-a-say can you?"
His knees were shaking, his hands were blue.

He got up courage to try again
For he wanted to show her that *he* was a *man.*
So he blurted right out what he wanted to say
And she said she would go to the party—
"Hurray".

G. R., '25.

TO THE SENIOR.

Your high school days are over now.
You've gained your goal at last,
And now you are rewarded
For the labors of the past.

Altho' at times you have despaired
And felt downcast and blue,
You've stuck it out right to the end
To show what you could do.

More than once you might have asked,
"Why do I have to work?"
But duty always conquered,
And your tasks you did not shirk.

Each year was marked with joys and sorrows,
Battles won and battles lost;
Each new conquest made you happy;
When you failed, you paid the cost.

We'll bid farewell to all the Seniors
And hope that in the years to come
We who follow will be like them,
Rejoicing when our work is done.

OUR SCHOOL.

Breathes there a student with spirit so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my school and I love it dearly,
I have a task, and I do it cheerily."
The task that I have, and you have it too,
Is to stick by our school, in whatever we do.
Never to lower the standards she's set,
Always to conquer all obstacles met,
Aid every project that for her is attempted,
This applies to all, for none are exempted.
So let's all work together, and all do our part
For Houghton, our school, so dear to each heart.

M. N.,'23.

THOSE QUIZZES.

When first you come into the room
Your heart is light and gay;
No thought have you of toil or gloom,
In fact, it doesn't pay.

But soon, with voice most firm and clear,
You hear your teacher say,
"Away with all your notes and books,
You'll have a quiz today."

You look, you gasp, you pant, you stare,
Your heart it just goes plunk;
Before the questions e'er you've seen
You know that you will flunk.

The teacher smiles, then turns around
While you just sit and stare;
She writes the questions on the board,
Then wonders how you'll fare.

Horrors! murder! oh, worse than that,
These quizzes that we get,
For there you sit, your fingers numb,
You have no thoughts as yet.

M. L. N., '23.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Once a youth, a joyous traveler,
Started from a winding valley.
Round his towered massive mountains,
High above the avalanches.
Up he gazed with hopes and longings—
Could he ever reach the summit?
Could he overcome the perils?
Only three things he relied on:
Hope and will and pure his heart was,
Thus he pondered and proceeded.
Slowly, slowly rose he upward.
Step by step onward labored;
O'er the crags and precipices;
Rising, falling, striving, winning,
Climbed a year and then a second,
Climbed a third, higher strove he.
Lo, before him rose the fourth year,
Rose the long desired sunshine—
All the clouds were torn asunder—
Now success gleamed full upon him.
He had reached the lofty summit,
He had gained it by his labor,
Lo, before him stretched his future
To be shaped by hands of destiny.
What a wonderful glorious future!
Flooded o'er with hopes and wishes!
Now, My comrades, listen, hear me,
Were we not some weary traveler?
Have we not had many hardships?
But by climbing, striving, hoping,
We have reached the glorious summit.
Now fulfilled are all our wishes.

But think not that all is ended,
Much we still have to accomplish,
Many are the tasks before us.
But whate'er lies in concealment,
What lies in the folds of future
We shall do it gladly, bravely.
That one journey is remembered
When we started from the valley
And have now stepped o'er the mountain
Into different fields of labor.
In our hearts shall ever linger
Memories of our happy school days.
Always will they be imprinted
In unfading golden letters.

L. K., '3.

MORNING IN THE HALL.

His eyes came searchingly into space,
And settled in the hall,
And then ensued an exciting race,
For he was slim and he was tall.

Grief and woe for those who stopped
And lingered in the hall.
Now they would hear a worning voice,
For he was slim and he was tall.

"Hurry there, or I'll ring this bell."
Echoes glided down the hall,
And one last dash was made for rooms,
For he was slim and he was tall.

Woe again for those who were tardy
When rushing down the hall.
From him you must an admit seek,
For he was slim and he was tall.

M. G., '23.

H. H. S. ANTICS.

It was in Virgil class one day;
The pupils all were dumb,
For none had even thought to look
Upon their lessons some.

The teacher looked dismayed and said:
"For this you'll surely pay
Upon this chart I will record
The studying done each day."

The pupils looks n'er right nor left,
For they did feel so sad.
And all resolved to study hard
For they had been right bad.

That night to parties all did go,
No thought for study then!
'Twas only on the homeward stretch
The thought occurred to "Hen".

So quickly did she go towards home
With terror in her heart,
Soon she did have a happy thought,
She'd try to play the part.

Before she jumped into her bed,
Her Virgil book she grasped.
Beneath her pillow soon it went
With Hen to slumber fast.

Next day when all to class did go
The teacher asked them this:
"How long on Virgil did you spend?"
And many were amiss.

But when the teacher looked at Hen
She very proudly said,
"I spent ten hours upon this book,
Just think how much I read!"

M. L. N., '23.

THE CLASSES.

The Freshies insignificant,
Go on their humble way
Knowing next to nothing,
But learning every day.

The Sophomores, gaining wisdom
Look back on youthful ways
And think "How wise I am compared
To those old Freshmen days."

The Juniors, Oh! the Juniors
How mightily they feel
Their great and high importance
And their peppiness and zeal.

And the Seniors, how do they feel?
They have just begun to know
How insignificant they are
And how far they've yet to go.

A. M. U., '24.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

The High school will be lonely
With the Seniors gone away,
But we all shall seem higher
And have lots more to say.

The seniors seem superior,
And, oh! high up to us.
We surely have forgiven them
And not made any fuss.

So goodbye to the seniors
Always happy and so true.
We realize that this High School
Owes a lot to you.

Remember your happy high school days,
Your teachers and schoolmates too.
You can never live them o'er again
After June there'll be something new.

M. A., '25.

SOPHOMORE TEAM.

Lefty is our clever center,
And Grace is at her side.
Aggie is our hefty guard
Who fills us all with pride.

Corrine and Mona shoot the baskets
And make the score go high.
Our other guard is Sheenie Moon,
You know she's very sly.

Our team has won the banner—
We're not surprised at all—
For they all work in earnest
When playing basketball.

C. M., '25.

OUR MARKS.

"5" is for failure by shirkers well known,
It always is greeted by many a groan.

"4" is for poor, not as good as can be,
A little hard study will make it a "3".

"3" is for fair and not a bad mark,
A little more energy, you'll be a "shark".

"2" is for good, a fine mark to be had,
It will receive praise from your mother and dad.

"1" is for excellent, best of all marks,
If you can get this, you're classed with the sharks.

N. H., '25.

THE MIX UP OF 1917.

I dreamed of a scene
In an old soldiers' home,
The year was 1953;
With medals galore
That he'd won in this war
He sat smoking peacefully.
"Tell me of the war of 1917,"
Said his grandson
Who stood by his side,
"How did they fix up
That terrible mix up?"
And proudly the old man replied:
"The Russions were rushin' the Prussians
The Prussians were crushin' the Russians
The Balkins were balkin'
And Turkey was squakin'
Dispute and Basputin'
And Italy scootin'
The Bolshes all turned Bolsheviki
The British were skiddish at sea
But the Good Lord I'm thanking
The Yanks started yanking
And yanked Kaiser Bill off the field,
And now they're still yanking
To yank him up a tree."

A. S., '26.

ANOTHER FIGHT LEFT.

I have failed in a thousand cases,
But I still have the heart to try,
I am scarred in a hundred places,
No darling of luck am I.
In many a sad, sad hour
I have hoped, and been scorned and kicked,
But never has fate had power
To convince me that I was licked.

D. Z., '25.

HURRY!

Hurry is a word
That causes us to fret.
Now, my dears don't hurry
When a curl you try to get.

Long and strangling hairs all over,
Such a sight to see.
Snap, the curler's on
And you're in for tragedy.

One burn on my forehead,
And one upon my nose,
The result of trying to hurry
As everyone of us knows.

Curling is a vanity
We all do admit.
Now, girls do not hurry
When a curl you try to get.

H. W., '25.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

G—racious and sweet she's expected to be,
R—attled she is and with trembling knee
A—nxious for fear her dress isn't right.
D—reading her speech on that terrible night.
U—sing up boxes of pink and white powder,
A—s if that would make her voice any louder;
T—reading her toilsome trail to the top,
E—agerly hoping to reach it or drop.

F. O. B., '23.

FAREWELL TO THE SENIORS.

Nine rahs for the Class of Twenty-Three,
We now all bid farewell to thee;
In work, in play, remember the day
When you started forth on Life's Highway.
If you play the game, it will bring you fame.
Now isn't that really your faithful aim?

Do not forget when you are old
How you had studied Caesar the bold,
Or probably you were one of the mass
Who belonged to the Stenographer's class.
Fond memories of classmates come in the light
Of those dear friends who brought delight.

D. M. G., '25.

LEFTY'S COMB.

Lefty had a little comb,
Its teeth were white as snow,
And everywhere that Lefty went,
The comb was sure to go.

She carried it to school one day,
And we all thought it great,
It surely is a help I'll say,
If you should get up late.

But every day in every way,
The teeth began to fall,
Until at last we found one day,
There were no teeth at all.

P. E. R., '25.

A TOAST TO ALL.

Here's to the seniors
So grave and so wise,
By labor and study
To fame they did rise.

Here's to the juniors,
The wise fools of old,
They always seem frolicsome
And yet rather bold.

Here's to the sophomores,
The "sharks" of the school,
If there's a prize to get
They win as a rule.

Here's to the freshies!
Greener than ever,,
Will you be forgotten?
We all exclaim, "never!"

Here's to the teachers
And principal too,
Our successes and honors
We owe all to you.

And here's to the dear old H. H. S.
Our colors Orange and Black, too,
It matters not where we may roam,
To you we'll always remain true.

N. J. H., '25.

EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

It's eight o'clock in the morning,
Pud's strolling down the street
And then as the church bell is ringing
She and I merrily meet
That telephone pole so entrancing
Seem to be made just for me
For I could be waiting forever
Before she'd be waiting for me.

L. McR., '23.

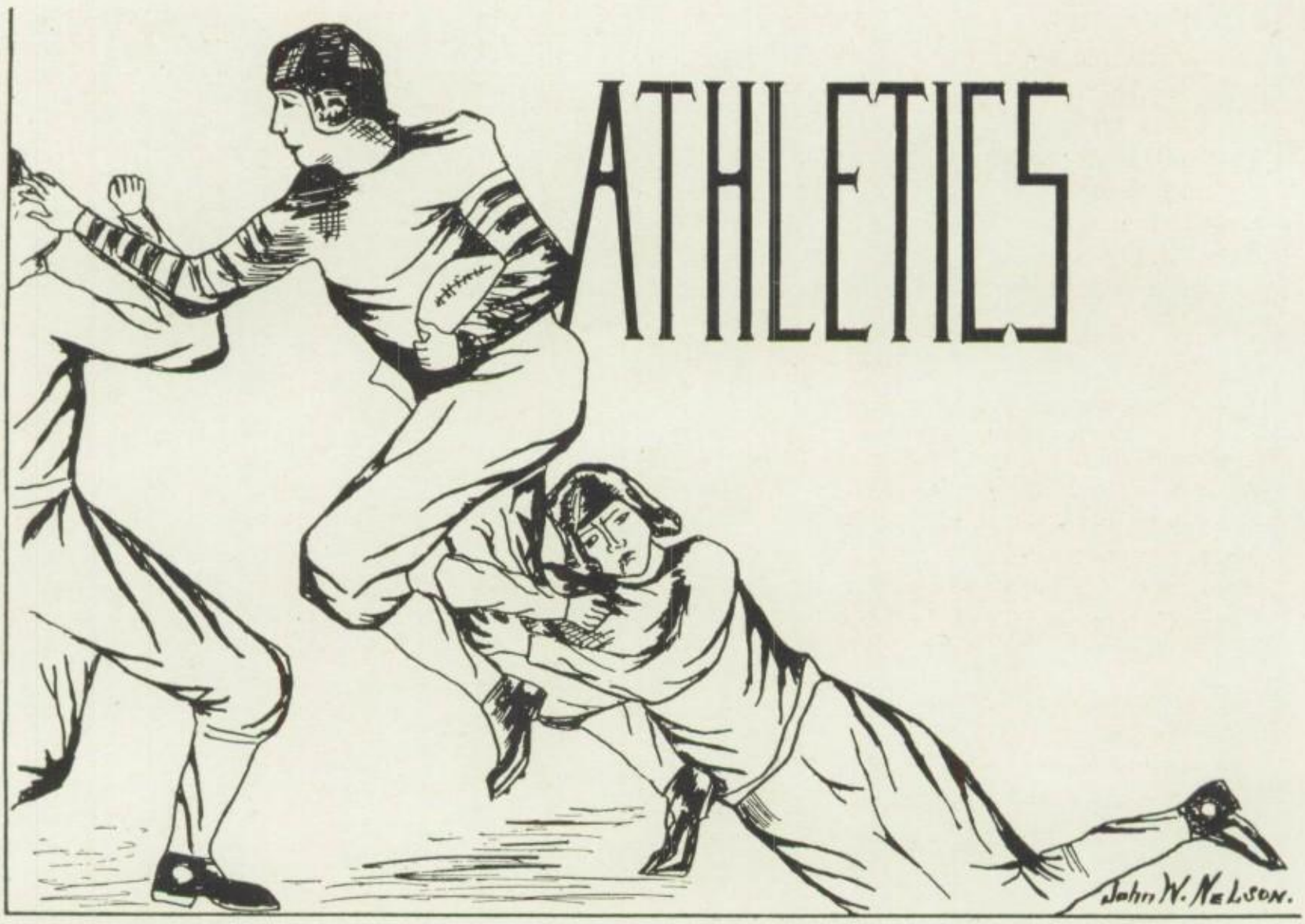
MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Just before the bell at noon,
Helen R. walked down the hall,
She thought that she saw Hayner there,
And decided to make him fall.

He bent down to pick up a coat;
She thought, "Now here is my chance;
If he will just stand still a minute
I'll do something to make him dance."

The hall was very, very dark,
She decided to make sore his bones
And discovered, when pushing him over,
It wasn't Hayner, but Mr. Jones.

J. M., '26.



FOOTBALL

As soon as the students in the high school had settled down to the usual routine of work, the call for candidates for the football team was posted. A goodly number of men reported to either one or the other of the coaches, Chambers and Jones.

Among this group were six who had received letters the previous year.

The player that had been chosen to act as captain, for perfectly legitimate reasons concerning his school work, left here to go elsewhere.

The other five men got together and John (Mickey) Harrington was elected to pilot the football team. With the letter men as a nucleus around which the team had to be built, practice started in earnest.

Hoton was handicapped throughout the season by the parents of some of the best football material in the school by their protests that it was too rough and dangerous a game.

The team was also seriously crippled by the repeated injuries of the players in practice, and at the beginning of the season the line-up was below Hoton's standard.

The line-up was as follows:

These are the men who were awarded H's:

John (Mickey) Harrington, Capt., r. t.
Edward (Ted) Hildner, l. t.
Robert (Bob) Ingram, f. b.
Edwin (Ed.) Miilu, l. h. b.
Harry (Hank) Odgers, r. h. b.
Mansfield (Manse) Foley, q. b.
Oliver (Dosie) Dostaler, r. g.
Gage (Coop) Cooper, c.
Edwin (Oxie) Goodale, l. g.
Palmer (Sully) Sullivan, l. g.
Joseph (Joe) Warrick, r. e.

Joseph (Joe) Kaspers, l. e.
Russell (Russ) Bergh, r. g.
Fred Beehler, l. e.
Elmer (Jake) Jacobson, r. e.

Although there was no second team this year these players were awarded monograms and should be mentioned for their loyalty in sticking to practice and the good work that was done by them when they were needed to fill in some vacant position.

Men receiving monograms:
John (Jack) Hildner.
Max (Packy) MacFarlane.
Leo (Dago) Roy.

GAMES

Hoton 0; Lake Linden 20.

The day was rainy and the crowd was small and the home team was unable to fathom Lake Linden's splendid aerial attack.

Hoton 0; Calumet 32.

The orange and black started the game with a speed that they were unable to keep up, and the steadiness of the Calumet team soon had the defense in a rout.

Hoton 6; Hancock 68.

Hancock swallowed a bitter pill when the weakest team in the league pushed the ball over their line. Hoton's rooters went wild and Bob Ingram covered himself with glory and several bruises. This was the first time Hancock had been scored against.

Hoton 0; Lake Linden 25.

The team was unable to take the dirt that was handed to them by the faculty of the Lake's high school, who were running the game as they wanted and not according to rules as it should have been, and when Hoton's principal and superintendent told the team to leave the field Micky proved his

mettle and told the team that he would play the opposing team by himself if the players wouldn't back him to a man.

Hoton 0; Calumet 45.

This game was the cleanest game the Hoton players have entered and it was a real treat to the boys that enjoy good football. The players of the Calumet team invited our fellows to a dance that was to be held that night in the armory. One of our boys received a letter, mailed from Calumet (probably written in Hancock) that stated we would be given a warm reception such as was given them when they visited Calumet after they had defeated her.

The last game of the season was cancelled because of a misunderstanding between the two schools, the argument rising over the question of whether Floyd Burr should be played on the Hancock team against Hoton or not.

The team was the guests of the Houghton Rotary Club at a banquet. The Rotary Club sure had the right idea in their entertaining and in their spread. The whole team certainly appreciated it.

FIRST TEAM.

BASKETBALL

With the close of the football season, Coaches Chambers and Jones issued calls to the candidates for basketball. After the list of names was made up, it was found that there were four letter men from last year back on the job and the coaches had hopes of producing a fair team; regardless of the fact that last year was not successful. To these were added several men who did not complete last year's season and an-

other of first team caliber, who entered school here this fall.

These men were divided up into squads and a strenuous practice began the season. After a period of hard and long practice the squads were scheduled to play one another in a series of games to give the coaches a chance to see the work of each man. At the end of the series the first and second squads were picked out, with Chambers and Jones coaching, respectively. The first squad was given hard workouts in order that they might be in trim to meet the Gwinn team before the Copper Country schedule was opened.

Harry Odgers captained the team and at the session with Gwinn showed that he could handle a team with remarkable ability.

The players to receive letters are:
Harry (Hank) Odgers, Capt., f.
John (Lowe) McGinty, f.
Harry (Dago) Calverley, c.
Gage (Coop) Cooper, g.
John (Mickey) Harrington, g.

Rickard, Marshall and Lewis accompanied the first squad during its scehdule and showed their ability and reliability when called upon to take a position on the regulars. Owing to the fact that they did not play in a sufficient number of games to earn a letter, they will be given a smaller "H" for their services.

Away From Home.

Hoton	20	Painesdale	8
Hoton	30	Hancock	26
Hoton	16	Gwinn	17
Hoton	22	Negaunee	23
Hoton	7	Lake Linden	21
Hoton	28	Calumet	40
Hoton	16	Dollar Bay	19

Here at Home.

Hoton	26	Gwinn	11
Hoton	18	Calumet	35
Hoton	22	Dollar Bay	18
Hoton	11	Painesdale	3
Hoton	16	Hancock	11
Hoton	16	Lake Linden	20

Our second team, which worked strenuously during the season, playing preliminary games to those of the first squad, deserves much credit. These men, in practice, scrimmaged against the first squad and are partly responsible for the work done by them. They also are the champions of the second string men of the Copper Country League, having the highest percentage on the list.

Our game at the Upper Peninsula Basketball Tournament—Class A division—at the M. C. M., was a disappointment to the Hoton fans, although the team worked hard, they could not shake the jinx that followed them in the last part of the schedule.

With this to overcome and the fact that they drew the Championship team to play their first game with, they were left with the small end of a 15 and 5 score.

THE NEGAUNEE-GWINN TRIP.

On Friday, February second, Hoton's basketball team left for Gwinn. They left feeling that they were capable of defeating Gwinn, and hoping that Negaunee would not run too large a score against them on the evening of the following day.

At Gwinn the team must have appeared half asleep—simply could not move. Hoton's team was fast all right, but, as Mr. Chambers said, they were fast to the floor. The second half of the game the squad came to and literally peppered the basket; however, Gwinn kept a jump ahead all of the time, and we lost, 17 to 16.

But all of us were not through with basketball even for that night. Perhaps you have not heard of one of the latest creations in the sport world—playing basketball on horseback. Harry Calverley has taken it up and Mr. Chambers will testify to the truth of the statement that almost continuously from midnight on the second until nine on the morning of the third, Dago played a fast game against an unarmed quintet.

The team spent Saturday resting after

SECOND TEAM.

their exertion. Harry overcame his fatigue sufficiently to play in perfect form in Negaunee. The rest of the team, of course, had not the odds to battle against that he had, having played only one game; so they also were in good condition for the fray on Saturday evening.

Negaunee turned out nine hundred strong to see their own team down Hoton. The crowd was somewhat inclined to "razz" us before the game started, but they soon saw that Negaunee was not the only place where basketball teams were to be found.

The Negaunee squad led by six points when the half ended. The second half saw them outpointed. Hoton overcame the odds of the first half and forged ahead, but were overtaken. Then they led again—with only ten second to play—nine seconds—eight seconds, still ahead—six seconds—five seconds, and Ferm of Negaunee scored! They were leading! The crowd cheered as the remaining second were passing; four—three—two—one—time! A victory for Negaunee by one point, but hardly a loss for Hoton. G. C., '23.

HOCKEY

Line-up:
LePage—Goal.
Michels—Right defense.
Miron—Right wing.
Caspers—Left defense.
Trathen—Right wing.
Roy—Center.
Spares—Shetney, Cornellier, Kaiser, MacFarlane.

Hoton vs. Chassell, Jan. 5. Chassell was

the guest of Hoton in the first hockey game of the season. The home team displayed brilliant team-work and defeated the visitors by a score of 6 to 2.

Hoton vs. Chassell, Jan. 12. Hoton went to Chassell for the second game of the season. Due to the smallness of the rink, the game was fast. Chassell had the edge on Hoton and after the latter had tied the score three times, Chassell succeeded in defeating the Orange and Black in a 7 to 4 game.

Hoton vs. Hancock. The home team played ragged hockey and this made the game slow, but a large crowd of Hancock rooters were glad to see Hoton get the small end of a 6 to 1 score.

Hoton vs. Calumet. Hoton journeyed to Calumet with high hopes, but these were blasted on the big rink after one of the fastest and hardest fought games of the season. The team played better in this game than in any other game they participated in and it was disappointing when Calumet made the lucky counter. Score, 3 to 4.

Hoton vs. Hancock. Hoton made the first score and kept the lead for two periods, but in the end they had to give in to the Championship team. Our boys succeeded in keeping the score down to 3 to 1 in favor of Hancock.

Hoton vs. Sacred Heart. This game was on the home rink, but as the ice was soft, the playing was poor and the game slow. Sacred Heart defeated Hoton, 3 to 0.

Hoton vs. Calumet. Calumet was Hoton's guest. The ice was in fine condition so the game was all that the crowd could ask. Hoton had the game sewed at the end of the second period, but by becoming over confident lost with the score standing 3 to 2 in Calumet's favor.

GRADE SCHOOL BASKETBALL

The plan that was inaugurated last year of grade basketball, was followed up by another of the same plan this season.

The games were good and the enthusiasm which they aroused was in itself enough to warrant the continuance of the grade school tournaments each year.

These tournaments give the high school officials a chance to look out for players who might develop into assets on the high school squad.

Quite a bit of talent was displayed by several of grade team players.

Central was the runner-up in the tournament, but West, by superb playing and team-work, beat them out at the finish. East made a valiant effort, but only succeeded in landing the cellar championship, and that with but small opposition.

THE CRISIS

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" the crowd on the sidelines yelled,
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" cheered the crowds the balcony held,
Back and forth flew the basketball,
Back and forth the players all,
Wrestled and jumped with might and main,
And fought the winning goal to gain.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" the crowd on the sidelines yelled,
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" cheered the crowds the balcony held,
"Two minutes to play!" And the score in doubt!
They plunged and twisted and whirled about,
Till out of the heap our forward tall,
Sidestepped, dodged, and tossed the ball.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" the crowd on the sidelines yelled,
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" cheered the crowds the balcony held,
While the gym went wild with yell and shout,
And the rooters in circles were running about;
Yet there were those who were feeling sore,
For our opponents could cheer no more.

L. A. U., '23.

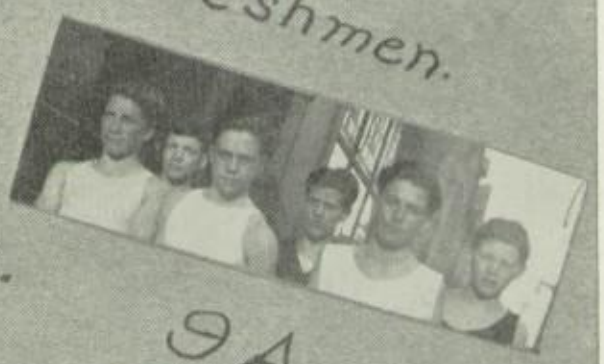
Juniors.

Seniors, Champions.

Freshmen.

'26 2nds.

Sophomores.



9A.

Freshmen.

Sophomores, Champions.

Juniors.

Seniors

H.H.S.

Captain.

Coach.

Central.

West, Champions.

East.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday, 5. School again. Curiosity and interest aroused by the appearance of several new teachers.

Friday, 22. The first High School dance of the year was given in the Bank Hall. The Seniors seemed to hold the record for attendance.

Monday, 25. Billie Williams appeared today with her hair bobbed. Who will be the next one?

OCTOBER

Tuesday, 3. The Junior Class held the first meeting of the year for the purpose of electing officers.

Monday, 9. Grace and John McGinty, from Greenland, have entered school.

Wednesday, 11. The Freshmen Class held their first meeting of the year for the purpose of electing officers.

Friday, 13. Teachers in Marquette at the Institute. A peppy assembly was held in the afternoon. Dr. Hildner talked to us about school spirit.

Friday, 20. Br. Benallack gave a short inspiring talk to the student body.

Friday, 27. Weekly assembly. Mr. Condon talked today.

NOVEMBER

Friday, 3. The Athletic Association gave a dance in honor of Coaches Chambers and Jones and the football boys.

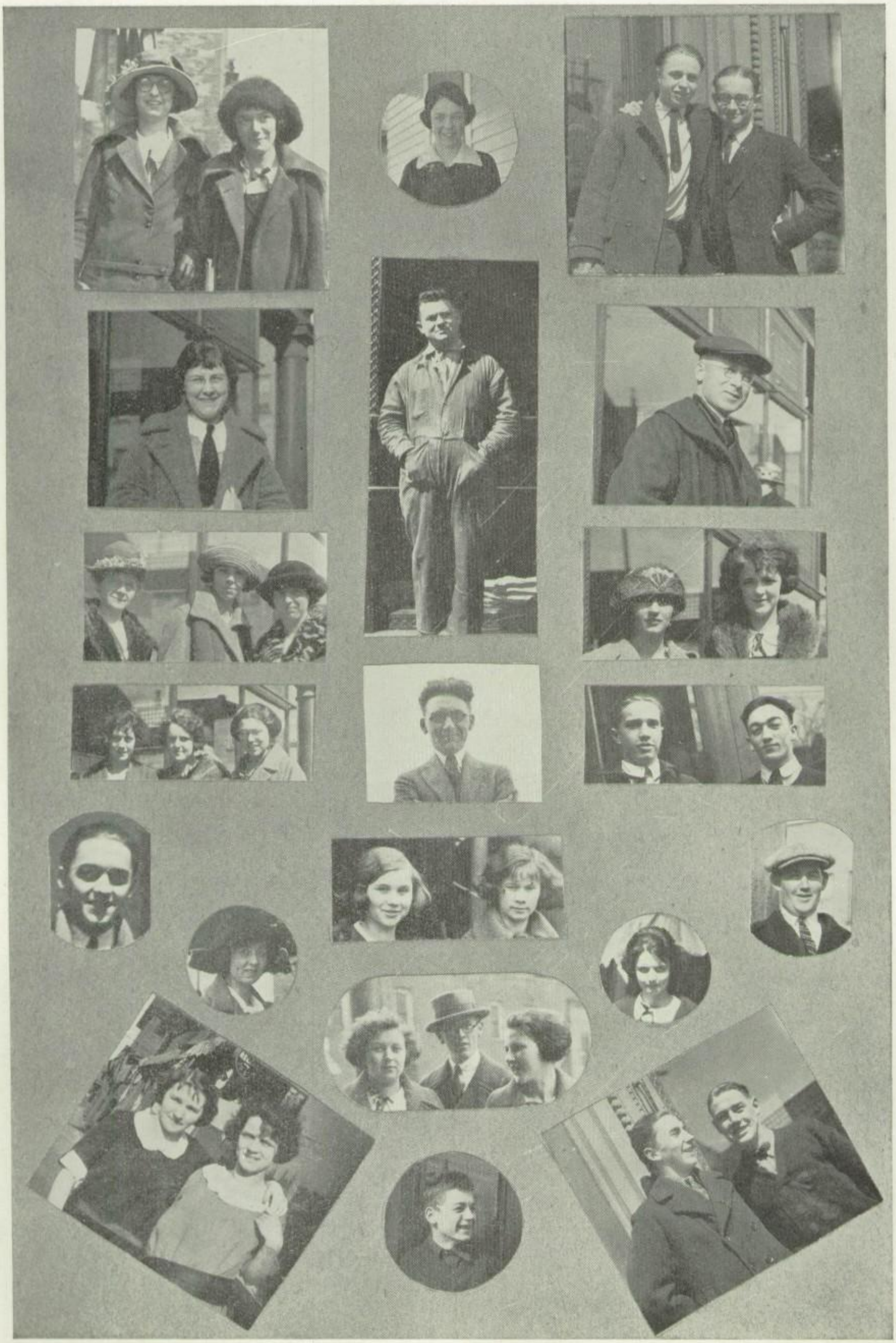
Monday, 6. One of our few holidays. We are so glad that there is an institute at Calumet as well as at Marquette. However, we make up for it when they try out the newly acquired ideas on us the next day.

Tuesday, 7. Report cards today!

Saturday, 11. Armistice day! Got cheated out of a holiday.

Thursday, 16. Class meetings!

Wednesday, 29. Like all other good classes, the Class of '26 started out by giv-



ing a party at the gymnasium. They have already started to talk about the next party they are going to give!

Thursday, 30. Thanksgiving day! No school!

DECEMBER

Monday, 11. The football team was entertained by the Rotarians at the Houghton Club. They were filled with things good to eat and to think about.

Friday, 15. The Physics classes went to the college and were given a very interesting lecture by Professor Fisher on the high tension experiments.

Saturday, 16. Everyone enjoyed the dancing after the Gwinn game.

Wednesday, 2. The Christmas play, which was of a serious nature this year, was presented by the pupils of the school under the direction of Miss Wieber. It was hoped by many that the play would be repeated, but arrangements for a second performance could not be made.

Thursday, 21. The Seniors gave a Chirstmas dance at the hall. It was thoroughly enjoyed, being the first Senior dance of the year.

Friday, 22. Last day of school before Christmas vacation.

JANUARY

Monday, 8. Back to school.

Friday, 12. Hoton beat Hancock, 30-26!

Tuesday, 16. Socially we have been rather inactive as we have been impressed with the fact that the end of the semester is rapidly approaching.

Tuesday, 30. Report cards today! More red marks!

FEBRUARY

Monday, 12. First day of new semester. Mr. Erickson announced that an unknown friend of the school had donated $30 towards an English prize. Boys' Glee Club sang.

Friday, 16. One hundred fifty absent! How many were sick?

MARCH

Friday and Saturday, 9 and 10. Basketball tournament at the college. Houghton was eliminated after the first game, but it took the best team in the upper peninsula to do it.

Tuesday, 13. Report cards today.

Friday, 16. Mr. Gaynor talked in the assembly room on "Why we should buy the Amygdaloid."

Friday, 23. More reperesentatives from the Amygdaloid staff talked to us today. Miss Fisher and Milton Grams further inspired us to write and subscribe for the Amygdaloid.

Monday to Saturday, 19 to 24. Seniors have their pictures taken. Boys all dressed up!

Friday, 30. Another holiday—Good Friday.

APRIL

Wednesday, 4. Final basketball games played to decide the Inter-Class Championship. The Seniors beat the Sophomores by a score of 11-5.

Thursday, 5. Oratorical contest at Calumet. A car full of enthusiastic rooters accompanied the representatives.

Friday, 6. Another Amygdaloid speech given by the business manager, Richard Carne. We learned not only something about the Amygdaloid but that the act of blushing has not been lost to all of us.

Wednesday, 11. A peppy Sophomore class meeting.

Friday, 13. Sophomore dance. Everybody reported a good time, especially the Seniors.

Monday, 16. Spring housecleaning. Fortunately we all had warning so that we could erase the picture in our books.

Friday, 20. Freshman dance.

Tuesday, 24. Three one-act plays, "The Ghost Story," "Spreading the News," and " 'Op-o'-me-thumb," were given at the Am-

phidrome for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

Friday, 27. Junior class gave a dance for the High School. Judging by the ability that the Juniors showed in managing this dance, we predict the best reception in the history of the school.

Monday, 30. First practice for the Senior play held today.

MAY

Tuesday, 1. Amygdaloid goes to press.

OVERHEARD IN GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM

"Say, have you seen—with her hair bobbed! It's perfectly darling." "You've looked in that glass long enough; hurry up." "Did you go to the show last night? Sweet cats, the best looking man in it!" "Good night, have you done your history; we've got to have a map ready to hand in."

New comer—"Oh kid, just had the berries of a Caesar Exam." "Say whatchamacall called me up last night." "What did he have to say, anything exciting?" "Oh boy, I'll tell you later." "Got a comb, anybody? Hurry up, it's time for the bell." "Gee, I like your sweater." "Did you ask anyone to Soph. party yet?" "I don't know who to ask." "Oh! gimme some powder." "Say, are you going to the dance?" "Not yet, are you?" "Yea."

"Say, do you know what I heard? They are going to have dancing up at the hall every Thursday after school." "Oh, where did ya hear that?" "No, really, that is straight goods." "Have you got an extra pencil? Exam next period."

"How did your pictures come out?" "Rotten, I am not going to have them done over, though."

"She sure did bawl him out."

"Somebody put the awfulest picture of me in the Amygdaloid, it's terrible."

"Hey, wait for me."

"Well, hurry up."

"Good night, there goes that bell."

L. G. W., '25.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

1. When Mr. Thorpe says, "If this keeps on I'm going to put the clamps on;" or

2. When Miss Covalt says, "Take out pencil and paper and conjugate the following verbs; or

3. When Mr. Cave says, "You will hand in this experiment *completed* by the end of fifth period *today;*" or

4. When you hit the bottom of the stairs and Mr. Thorpe rings the 8:30 bell; or

5. When you have just taken a fresh stick of gum and the teacher asks you to kindly put your gum in the basket; or

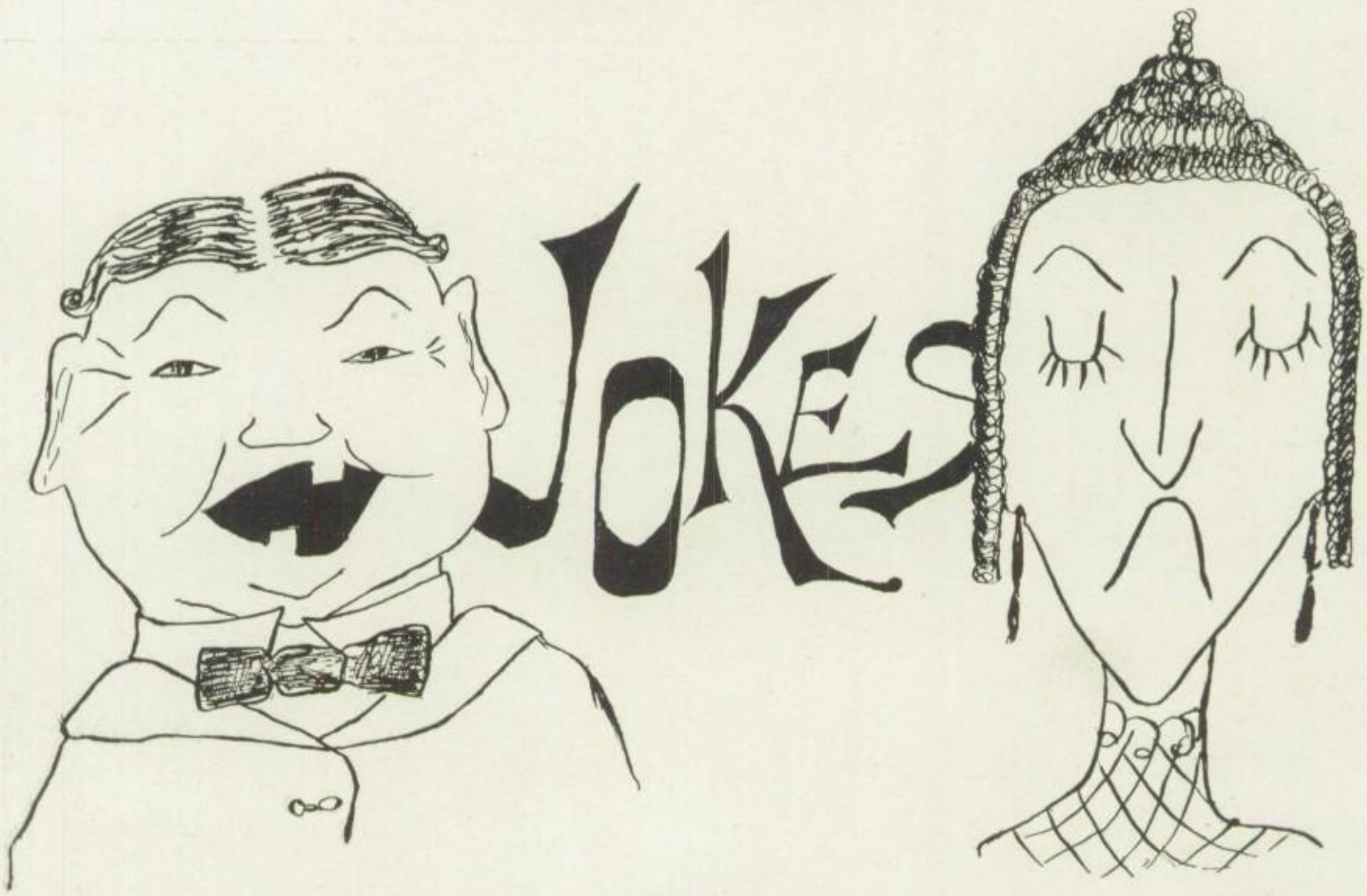
6. When you have a date after school and Mr. Knisely says, "I'll see you in Room 13 at 3:40 today;" or

7. When you're trying to finish up your Physics lesson and Miss Fisher says, "This is no Physics class. You are here to study English;" or

8. When Mrs. Trezona says, "That's not straight. Rip it and sew it over again;" or

9. When Mr. Shaeffer says, "You can sand this board for another week."

S. L. P., '23.



JOKES

(Real happenings.)

Miss Brainerd: What is the immediate result of the bombardment of Fort Sumter?

Lionel M.: The noise.

Mr. Jones (in Chemistry): Well, I've read of a man who fell six stories, landed on an awning and didn't hurt himself—

Coyle (interrupting): No, it was eight.

Harry: Well, that's two more stories anyway.

Mr. Thorpe: What is Newton's third law of motion?

Bright Student in Physics: Every little movement has a meaning all its own.

Miss Cameron in front of the assembly: Will you please sing as I beat it?

Miss Wieber: What is the meaning of celibacy?

Pupil: A loan.

Miss Wieber: Yes, that's right, alone.

THE TRI-WEEKLY

A South Shore train passes the school often and makes such a noise that everyone is disturbed. One day Mr. Jones asked: Is that the Limited, Jack?

Jack S.: Yes, that's her.

Harry C.: Yes, the train is early. It was due here yesterday.

Mr. Jones: Well, I thought it was the Tri-Weekly. It leaves one week and tries to get back the next.

CAN IT HIT?

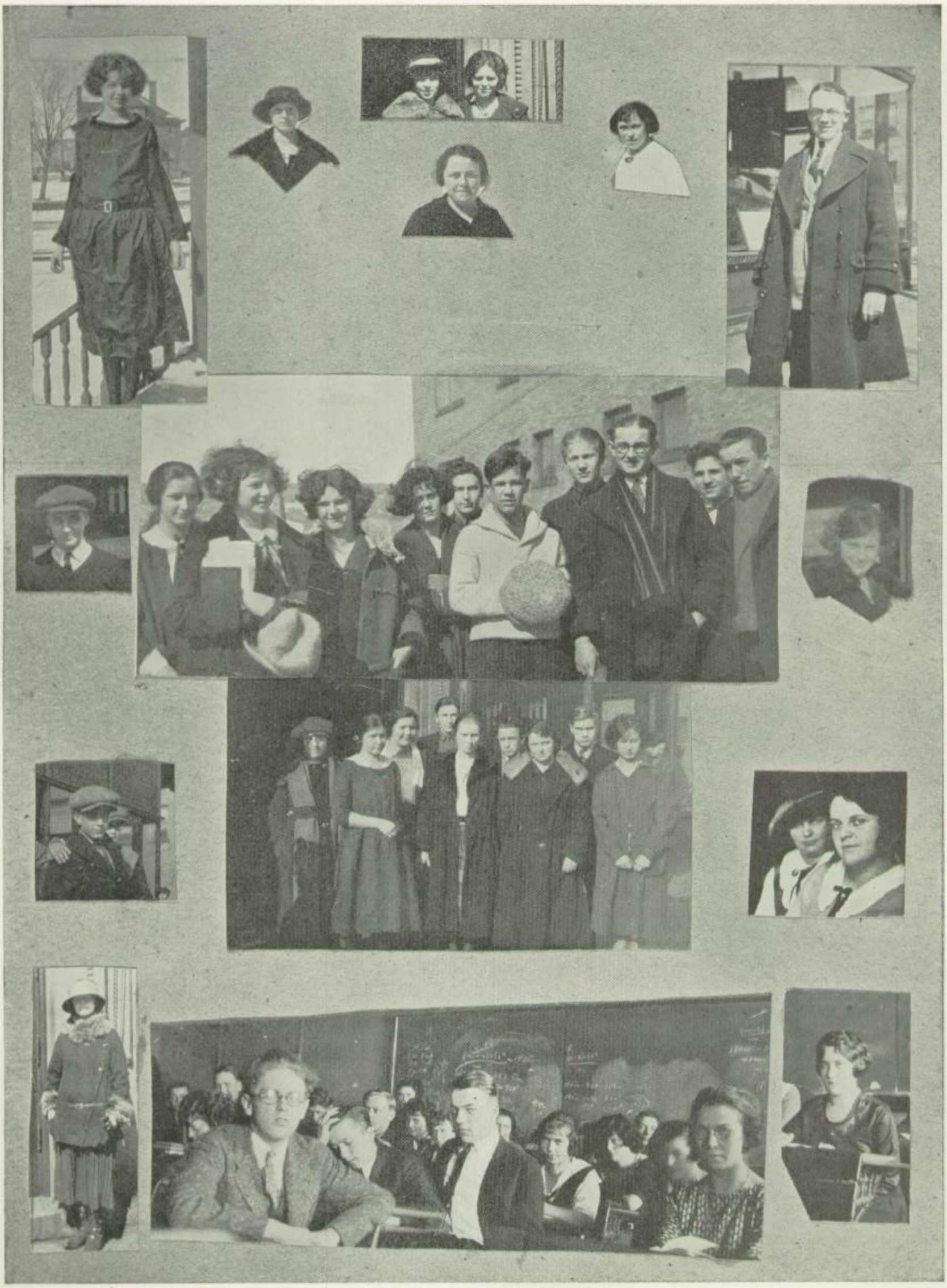
Listen, heah, niggah. Why does yoh call dat flivvah of yoh'n "The Crapshoot," ah?

Shake, rattle and roll.

OLD INVENTION

Single: They have machines now that can tell when a man is lying. Ever see one?

Wedman: Seen one? By gosh, I married one.



Teacher (handing back paper): Helen, what are you trying to do around here? Swear?

Helen: No, sir.

Teacher: You would think so, according to the way you have "Madamn" spelled. —Ex.

Teacher: What is the meaning of interfere?

Bright Pupil: Interfere means to "bud in."

ALL TIME

"How long is it since yoh read de Bible, nigger?"

"Lessee, lemme figure. I ain't nevah read it. How long is 'at?"—Ex.

FREE SPEED

"You tell me I can't have wine? I tell you to go to hell." Tony Reniole told the Judge.

"One hundred dollars," said the Judge.

"I tell you to go to hell two times."

"Two hundred dollars."

"And I tell you to go to hell three times."

"Three hundred dollars."

"What I care? I no got three hundred dollars."—Ex.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHANCE

He: Was your father very angry when you told him of our engagement?

She: Not particularly. He said he'd been rather unfortunate in the stock market of late, and figured it was about time for his luck to turn.—Ex.

IMPASSE

"That woman is the most awful actress I ever saw," said the mild-mannered man to his neighbor.

"That lady is my wife," replied the neighbor.

"I am wrong," said the mild-mannered man, "she is a good actress struggling with a rotten play. I wonder what fool wrote it?"

"Unfortunately I am the author," said the neighbor simply.—Ex.

AND TO THE POINT

"Did anyone comment on the way you drive your new car?"

"Yes, one man made a brief remark: 'Twenty dollars and costs.'"—Ex.

FUTURE MAGNATE

Maud: What happened when your father told your fiance to put something aside for a rainy day?

Lois: A little later Dad missed his raincoat.—Ex.

ONE MAID TO ANOTHER

"You can't imagine, my dear, the number of young men who paid attention to me at the dance."

"But that is quite impossible, my dear, for you've already imagined them yourself."—Ex.

IT WOULD SEEM THAT WAY

Prof.: Why should we read all the best of the present day literature?

Bright Student: So we can appreciate the parodies.

EXPERIENCED

Mrs. A.: I see you have a new cook. Is she experienced?

Mrs. B.: I believe so. She started by coming late the first day and then asking the afternoon off.—Ex.

WELL TRAINED

Old Gentleman: I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the train.

Archie: Since childhood I have respected a woman with a stap in her hand.—Ex.

THE HONOR SYSTEM

The Student: Say, Myrtle, this Honor System is sure some stunt. Yesterday the Prof. called my room-mate up to his desk and said: "Look here, Mr. Dummer, what authority were you quoting? Almost every sentence in your paper is enclosed in quotation marks." An' Bill says back: "Be-

tween you and me, Prof., I was quoting the fellow next to me."—Ex.

LUCK OF SCIENCE

Mr. Tombson has a great deal of Scotch in his veins," said Mrs. Tipler, looking up from her sewing.

"Lucky dog," groaned Mr. Tipler.—Ex.

CORRECT!

Professor: Do you believe in a more elastic currency?

Student: No, it's elastic enough now. Why not make it more adhesive?—Ex.

Former Bachelor (to friend): Yes, ever since I've been married I haven't smoked, gambled or been out a night!

Admiring friend: It must take a strong will to do that.

Former Bach: Yes, I'll admit she is strong-willed.—Ex.

Miss Bainerd (in History class): Why was Russia a "frozen" country?

Grace Richards: Because its emperors kept it isolated.

Freshman (late in the day): What shall I do?

Sophomore: Go home and lie down until the dark spell is over.

Stephanie S.: Say, Emma, does Billie Williams still go with Jack steady?

Emma G.: No, she goes with Jack Hicok.

Principal: I see you're late again. You know you can't stop the flight of time.

Fresh: Oh, I just stopped a couple of minutes down the street.

NO, HE DIED

Second period English was discussing "Twelfth Night."

Bob I. (awakening from one of his favorite naps): Did he get killed?

Miss Fisher: Who?

Bob: The twelfth night?

STRAIGHT AS A CROOKED PIN

Two negroes were having a dispute over a game of cards.

First Coon: Ah knows Am right.

Second Coon: Say, there, black man, cain't yo' play honest? Ah knows what cairds Ah done dealt you.

Arius Croteau (translating a French sentence, "Maintenant ma toilette est faite") said, "Now, my dress is made."

IN FRENCH CLASS

Miss Covalt: What's wrong, Helen?

Helen R.: I got a headache from chewing this gum.

Miss Covalt: Lionel, are you finish—.

Lionel M.: No, I'm French.

PRETTY GOOD, BOB!

(Third Period English Class, Room 7.)

Miss Fisher: Where do we always use periods?

Bob I. (with hand high in air): I know.

Miss F.: All right, Bob, where?

Bob (in excited tone of voice): When we dot the letter "I."

HEARD IN THE PHYSICS LAB.

J. Moore (in Physics Lab.): I need another steel ball.

A. J. Cavé (slightly peeved): Use your head.

L. Gilles: Ivory always was a poor conductor.

EMIGRATION

In the Economics room Muriel K. had been constantly dropping a pen. Mr. Chambers declared, exasperated, that the next one touching the pen would leave the room. While the class was talking about Immigration, several minutes later, Emma G. dropped the pen. Then Mr. Chambers said: "I see some one will have to 'Emmagrate.'"

BETTER THAN MR. CAVE'S DEFINITION!

Freshie: I got zero on my algebra exam.

Bright Soph.: That's nothing!

First Student: Nothing goes right with Mutt Grams.

Second Student: Why?

First Student: Oh, he's left-handed.

SHOCKING!

Little Boy to Mother: Mamma, our Sunday School teacher never takes a bath!

Mother: Why, Albert, what makes you think so?

Little Boy: Well, she told us today in Sunday School that she never does anything in private that *she would* not do in public.

Dubbs: Are you hurt badly?

Briggs: Well, if you go the window, you'll have a chance to feel the pane.

THE BEST MEMORY

First Latin Student (after discussion of Caesar during which he learned that Caesar could remember all his own and his wife's relatives): Caesar must have had a good memory.

Second Student: Talk about Solomon!

He (quarreling with wife): I'm positive!

She: Only fools are positive.

He: Are you sure?

She: I'm positive!

Miss F. (after reading a theme to the class: M——, what is the spirit advocated in this theme?

M. (giving the answer rather briefly and unwittingly in a vehement voice): None of your business.

HEARD IN THE ENGLISH CLASS

"Speaking of mental telepathy," said a student in an English class after a discussion of the subject, "I went down to Nelson's the other day, and as I was thinking of a song, somebody started to play it on the Victrola!"

VERY FORTUNATE

Bill: I had an accident last night.

John: What happened?

Bill: I fell out of a second story window.

John: Get hurt?

Bill: No, I fell on a soft coal pile.

UNMERCIFUL DISASTER

Mother: Johnny, don't run so fast around the house. You'll fall and hurt yourself.

Johnny: If I don't run fast, it'll hurt me anyway. Dad's chasing me.—Ex.

FEARED THE RESULTS

Father: That fellow you're going with is a bad egg.

Daughter: I know it. I'd have dropped him long ago if it weren't for that.—Ex.

THE WIFE BEATER

Lady Candidate (to Heckler who had been pestering her for a plain "yes" or "no" to his various questions): If I ask you a question, will you answer "yes or no?"

Heckler: With pleasure.

Lady Candidate (employing well-known device): Have you stopped beating your wife?

Heckler: No, I beat her this morning.

Lady Candidate: What!!!

Heckler: Yes—three up and two to play.—Ex.

DIPLOMACY

Delia: Ye can get a hat just like your missis' velvet wan for sevin dollars at Brown's Bargain Store.

Norah: Yes, an' I can get wan for nothin' by tellin' me missus about the wan in Brown's Bargain Store.—Ex.

SOME DUE

She: How kind of you to bring me those lovely flowers! They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them.

He (in great embarrassment): Yes, there is, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow.

HOW ABOUT THE MOTORMAN?

Pupil: How long will the electricity stay in a Leyden jar?

Mr. Thorpe: It depends on the form of the conductor.

Mr. Knisely (entering the room, scratching his head): Well, young folks, I have a lot of little things running through my head this morning.

Miss C.: Conjugate: Je suis intelligent, etc.

Pupil: What's Miss Covalt trying, autosuggestion?

Mr. Thorpe: How many times is the first result the second?

Mutt: Two many times.

Harry Odgers, can you explain the fireless cooker?

Odgers: I ain't taking "Home Decorating."

Miss Brainerd: Fuzzy, can you tell me something about the Scandinavian race?

Fuzzy: Nope, wasn't there. I went to the football game.

Miss Cameron (at Boys' Glee Club practice): Some one sang "Oval" instead of "Opal" beach.

M. Grams: Paul Goodale sang "awful!"

Paul Goodale: I did not!

SOME TOUGHS, THOSE STUDENTS!

Mr. Jones (giving out a lesson in Chemistry): Well, tomorrow we'll take everything from Carbonic Acid to Arsenic.

Visitor: Is this General Science class?

Physics Student: No, this is General Thorpe's class.

L. G. (in Economics): I forgot to get a current event.

H. Calverley: Pick a current off the electric wire—that would be quite an event.

L. G.: It might shock the class.

Liz R.: You'd be a good dancer, Harry, but for two things.

Harry C.: What are they?

Liz R.: Your feet!

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Mr. Blimp: Remember, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Don't forget that, my dear.

Mrs. Blimp: Then you come right in and rule the world a while, I'm tired.—Ex.

EPOCH MAKING

Teacher: Willie, what great change occurred during the World War?

Willie: Pop bought Maw a new washboard.

PRESUMABLY

Bible School Teacher: What was the Tower of Babel?

Bright Willie: Wasn't that the place where Solomon kept his five hundred wives?—Ex.

TRUE COURTESY

Freshman: You surely are a good dancer.

Co-Ed: Thank you. I'm sorry I can't return the compliment.

Fresh: You could if you were as big a liar as I am.—Ex.

MAKING IT EASY

Examiner: Tell me, what is tellurium?

Student: ? ?

Exam: One last question: What is the difference between tellurium and uranium?—Ex.

Editor's Son: (Entering old-fashioned hardware store)

"Do you keep jack-knives?"

Store-keeper: "Yes, I keep jack-knives."

Editor's Son: "Advertise, and you'll not keep them."

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